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The RED CROSS MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of the American National Red Cross

Vol. XIII *APRIL, 1918* No 4.

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You are the Hope of the World

By Hermann Hagedorn

THE following eloquent message to the youth of America, is one chapter of a little book by Hermann Hagedorn, a young American poet and patriot. The tiny volume bears as a title the words placed at the head of this page. We are grateful for the privilege of printing this bit of pure, ardent sentiment so expressive of the appeal that the Junior Red Cross is making to the little citizens of our country.—THE EDITORS.

GIRLS and boys of America, you are the hope of the world!

That isn't an empty phrase. What remains of the youth of Europe after the war will be crippled and scarred in body or spirit; and those who are children to-day will have to give all their energies to the mere physical rebuilding of shattered cities and the more difficult and delicate reconstruction of shattered social systems. Schools will have to be thoroughly overhauled, histories will have to be rewritten. There will be no time for men to struggle long, patiently in art, or science, or literature. There will be too much common drudgery that will have to be done, day by day. And the men of vision will be few.

Girls and boys of America, you are the hope of the world! We have a rich country. We have not been touched by war. Not really touched by it. Not touched as Belgium and France and England have been touched, clutched, throttled, flung down by it! You who are ten, twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen or seventeen now will, probably, not be closely touched by it at all. Your brothers may go, to fight for freedom on the sea or in France; but you, Bill and Jack and George and Mary and Susan and Jane will stay home, and do—what?

That's the great question. At bottom, it's the greatest question confronting this dear country of ours. At bottom, it's greater than any question of guns or money or potatoes or submarines or party politics—the question, in the nation's crisis is: What are you girls and boys of America going to do?

You are the hope of the world! That isn't empty rhetoric. That is hard fact. But, you say, there are girls and boys in other countries scarcely touched by the War; in India, for instance, in Japan, in China, millions of them; there are girls and boys in Norway and Sweden and Spain and Holland and South America. Why, you say, are we the world's hope? Why must we carry that responsibility? We'd rather not, you say.

You can't evade it, Young America. The stars have conspired against you. Destiny, which made your country rich and gave her great leaders in time of need, and helped her to build a magnificent republic out of many races and many creeds; Destiny that brought you to the light under the Eagle and the Stars and Stripes; Destiny, that chose America to be the greatest laboratory, the greatest testing-ground of democracy in the world; Destiny, Fortune, God, whatever you want to call it, laid on you the privilege and the responsibility of being the hope of a world in tears. You can carry this responsibility and be glorious. You can throw it off, and be damned; but you cannot ignore it.

You are the hope of the world! And are you, while your country strips for battle and your brothers prepare themselves to fight "for what America has always fought for—Liberty"—are you going on dancing and spinning on your ear and going to the movies and the music shows and loafing at street corners and reading the sporting page and dolling up your figure and your face? Or are you going to wake up suddenly to the emptiness and the ugliness of all this, and throw it aside, crying, "By crickets, there are big things in this world, and, by all that's clean in me and true in me and brave in me and American in me, I'm going out to find them and give my heart and soul to them and make myself a part of them; so that, as far as I am concerned, the hope of the world shall be fulfilled!"

YOUNG AMERICA, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

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They made their formal entrance through the monastery gates. A Belgian flag at the head of the procession, the American and French flags following, proudly carried by three of the biggest boys.

(See page 36)

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THE
RED CROSS
MAGAZINE
APRIL, 1918

Red Cross Ideals for American Schools

By Dr. Henry N. MacCracken
(National Director, Junior Membership Department)

RELYING on the magnetic appeal of the Red Cross to the American people, the Junior Membership Department has undertaken to enroll every school in the country as a "Red Cross Auxiliary and a Centre for Patriotic Service." The Red Cross insists that the emphasis of the movement is primarily on education; secondarily on production, and finally on financial support. The slight shift of emphasis from that of the general purpose of the Red Cross does not mean that the Juniors are not as complete and as valuable members as any whom the Red Cross enrolls. But they are strictly occupied with the two proper businesses of their lives—play and school. The Red Cross can ask that a business man or woman give up private enterprises and devote energy and income to war service, but it can not take a child from play or school work without full recompense in recreational or educational values—not only for the sake of the child but also for the future of the Red Cross and of the nation.

Wondering whether the Red Cross realized this fact, and perhaps half fearing that the schools were to be exploited in the great need for supplies, educational authorities waited to be sure of the purposes of the Junior Red Cross before endorsing it. When the plan of organization and the emphasis of the appeal had been made clear to the National Commissioner of Education, he gave the Director of Junior Membership his blessing and sent him forth to the work with his hearty commendation. The Commissioner recognized in the Junior Red Cross the agency which might serve to coördinate all the civic and patriotic enterprises that claim the attention of the schools, and that might stand guardian against unworthy demands upon the time and enthusiasm of the teachers and children.

Early in January an Advisory Conference was held at the National Headquarters in Washington to discuss the department of Junior Membership and School Activities. Educators, officials of the Red Cross, and representatives of Government Departments came with suggestions about the scope of the work, the methods to be used and the spirit of the undertaking. Delegates from both coasts of our wide country and from many intermediate states reported their experiences and discoveries. Nine State Superintendents of Education were present and took part in the

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discussions. Directors of Junior Membership who had been working with well-organized Auxiliaries offered numerous practical suggestions. The two days of the Conference enlarged and clarified everyone's conception of the opportunity before the Junior Red Cross.

The spirit of the Red Cross, if rightly interpreted, can stimulate all the present school work and add to it possibilities of service. Those schools that feel it impossible or impracticable to modify their curricula are by no means cut off from membership, for all unselfish service or preparation for service is legitimately Red Cross work. If history is so taught and so studied that the age-long struggle toward liberty and democracy is vital to the students and they are impressed with their potential part in it, both students and teachers are doing the highest kind of Red Cross work. The Red Cross can make geography alive—maps plastic, and boundary lines things to be blotted out. The quaintness of foreign countries, their strange customs and dress, all their differences from us, are well emphasized, and properly so, in our school lessons. But the Red Cross would train our young people to be better citizens of the world than we have been. The way to begin is to teach them the true oneness of the nations. In teaching this geography of patriotism use can be made of the School Letter, the official Junior Red Cross organ, which bears to all members messages by and about children all over the United States and the countries helped by the Red Cross.

PUTTING PRINCIPLES INTO PRACTICE

As the newer ways of teaching English through pageants acted by the students develop, the great Red Cross ideal of community spirit and work will be put into visible forms. Indeed, putting the principles learned at school into practice, is one of the chief advantages that the Red Cross offers its Junior members. It aims to carry the lesson in civics and politics onward from books into actual city or country life. The student is to learn of public health not only through lectures but through keeping the school building and yard and the vacant lot on the corner clean. Many schools already have their efficient Civic and Vocational Leagues, or clubs with similar titles and other objects. The Junior Red Cross has no desire to supersede these; it works in unison with them and carries the benefits of their experience to less fortunate schools.

Where schools have extensive vocational courses the Junior Red Cross can make, perhaps, the most immediate and practical suggestions.

We are familiar with the cry of some teachers of manual training that the making of coat hangers and book racks does not satisfy the boy because he sees no necessity for his making them. The Red Cross comes to these teachers with a need for articles requiring no less technical instruction and skill, and of immediate importance to a great national work. In one large city, the classes in manual training equip Red Cross workrooms according to the directions of the local Red Cross Supply Service and under the guidance of the regular teachers. Classes in domestic art and science have also a boundless opportunity for Red Cross service. If the war is not finally "to be won in the kitchen" nevertheless the cooks of the nation have it within their power to aid powerfully and perhaps to shorten the war. The Red Cross aims to help the teachers of cookery to get the situation before the girls of the country, and to furnish the future housekeepers with the most practical ways of saving efficiently. No part of the present science of cooking is to be slighted but the schools are urged to incorporate in this and all departments the teachings forced upon us by war necessities. It is natural to expect that many of the supplies contributed to the Red Cross Chapters will come from the vocational classes, particularly those in manual training and sewing. It is not, however, these supplies, valuable as they are to the Chapters, that the Red Cross stresses for school children. It is education, for education is the business of children in school and education is the great safeguard for the future of the nation.

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH

Now, more forcefully than ever, people are realizing the need of working easily in groups. Even such a large unit as a nation finds itself threatened and weakened if it tries to stand alone. The school children are growing up into a world of group forces, becoming more highly organized and including more and more the peoples and territories of all the world. Upon the ability of the future citizens to use these groups and to grasp their significance,

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DR. HENRY NOBLE MAC CRACKEN

President of Vassar College and National Director of Junior Membership of the Red Cross, whose enthusiasm and inspiration is largely responsible for the success of the Junior Red Cross throughout the United States

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depends the progress of the United States toward a goal, almost too dazzling to contemplate. Many are the clubs and other organized forces claiming the time and attention of the school children and another effort may seem superfluous. However, the Red Cross believes that it offers a new and valuable opportunity for effective group working because of the almost unlimited size and variety of the Red Cross group. Children, many of them, know how to work with their own schoolmates toward a common end. Some fortunate young citizens have taken part in active community efforts. Special societies and kinds of schools have united children in widely separated geographic territories. The Red Cross hopes to learn from these successes and to work in harmony with them. But there are many children who have never yet been given a chance to work as a part of a national or international group—a group of men and women, boys and girls, soldiers and civilians, of many creeds, races, and colors. The Red Cross offers this chance to all our children in school or in any organized educational centre. It wishes to give the children a sense of their relation to all its millions of workers who are striving to make the world happier, and it wishes, also, to give the children concrete opportunities for contributing their work to this great effort. All the Juniors should feel their particular place and importance in the Red Cross; they should realize that the *School Letter* is their publication and that THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE is theirs, also, as members of the organization; that the National Headquarters are at their service; that the country is theirs, and that they will govern it for better or for worse after their teachers have done their last work. Moreover this realization must be accompanied by actual ability to work with and for others.

All School Auxilaries may not be able to make actual supplies and all may not be able to aid financially. The slogan of the Christmas Membership Drive of the American Red Cross was "A Heart and a Dollar are all you need." But all that the Juniors really need, in order to begin, is a heart. With the permission of the local Chapter School Committee, a pledge to do really earnest Red Cross work can be substituted for the payment of dues by any Auxiliary feeling the financial burden too great. But the Red Cross does demand of its members service and the true service that is given with sacrifice. The world of to-day is to be the children's heritage. They cannot hold it without labor—they cannot make it into a worthier and more beautiful abiding place, as we would wish them to do, without learning to give their very best to the task. The power to serve, especially to serve effectively, requires patient and careful teaching. If the children save and earn pennies to swell the Red Cross Fund, if they rip careless stitches, if their lessons are accurate and not slip-shod, they have made small but by no means insignificant beginnings in the school of world service. The Red Cross calls to every child to enlist head, heart, and hand in the struggle for a happier world!

The Meaning of Our Red Cross

THE red in our cross stands for sacrifice, for giving life, as the warm, crimson blood gives life to the body. The cross has the same length on all four sides of its arms, to signify that it gives life equally to all, high or low, east or west. It stands alone always, no words or markings on it, to show that the Red Cross workers have only one thought—to serve. They ask no questions, they care not whether the wounded be ours or of another people—their duty is to give, and to give quickly.

The Red Cross stands on a white ground, because real sacrifice can come only from pure hearts. Service must come, not from hate, but from love; from the noblest thoughts and wishes of the heart, or it will fail. That is why children love this flag. It is drawing them by millions in the schools of our land, in a wonderful army of rescue under the President, to make, to save, to give for others. And some day the children of all lands, under the Red Cross, will teach the grown people the ways of understanding and of friendship; the beautiful meaning of the Red Cross which is echoed in their lives.—H. N. MACCRACKEN.

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A Messenger to the Children of France

Some Personal Experiences

By John Finley

(Commissioner of Education of the State of New York)

(The illustrations for this and the following article were reproduced directly from the original drawings made by the French pupils to accompany their letters.)

THAT which rises most clearly in my memory of all that I heard and saw in France, in May and June of last summer, is not the sound of the cannon (though I know what that is), nor the eloquent addresses of scholars and statesmen to which I listened all the way from Normandy east to the Vosges and south to Montpellier; not the sight of the wounded cities nor of the stricken fields nor of the unceasing blue stream of soldiers—it is the sound of the school-children's voices as they sang their loved songs—some of them in exile; it is the sight of their thousands of faces as they cried "*Vive l'Amérique!*"

It was in Caen (up in Normandy where we think of apple trees as always in blossom), I remember that the children in the Girls' Lycée met me—escorted, and proud I was to be, by the University Rector and Professors in their academic gowns of mediaeval design—met me at the gate with their bouquets of familiar flowers and led me into their hall, where they sang not only their "Marseillaise" but our "Star-Spangled Banner" and "America." I had just come from the region recently devastated by the Germans and when I tried to say some word to this charming assembly I could only picture the contrast and tell them how happy I was to see that in all their sorrow they still kept the love of the beautiful in their hearts, a love that would yet triumph over the savagery which had destroyed the trees, poisoned wells, and wantonly wrecked homes and churches and schools.

It was also in Caen, later in the same day, that I was saying to the teachers and pupils in a normal school, where they were making too much of me, that I was after all not a typical American—that American men were a finer lot, as they would soon see; but so great was the courtesy of my interpreter, one of the teachers, that she refused to translate what I had said about myself.

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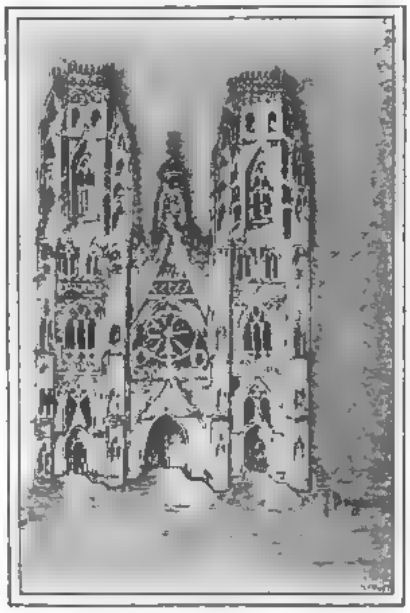
The courtesy of France! She has been teaching us her valours. May we learn, too, her courtesy! Here is an illustration of that courtesy out of my own experiences in buying a paper in Paris and in one of our own great cities (not New York).



In a little kiosk near my hotel, where I went to buy my morning paper, there sat a woman of middle age. What sorrow was at her heart, her face would not tell, for with a cheerful voice she said to me (as to every customer), "Bonjour (Good morning), bonjour, Monsieur," and I replied in as good French as I could: "Bonjour, Madame!" Then, naming a certain paper, I said, "Combien, s'il vous plaît? (How much, if you please?)" She answered courteously and I gave her the sous. To this she said, "Merci (thank you), Monsieur." Then, Bonjour, Monsieur" and I, "Bonjour, Madame." It was a little ceremony of good-will with which to begin the day.

A week after my return, in an important American hotel, I approached a news stand behind which sat a woman, also of middle age. She was reading and paid no attention to me. After waiting a respectable time, I said, "A *Herald*, please." She pointed to it. I asked the price. She answered, "Two"—the only word spoken by her in the entire transaction—accepted the pennies, and sourly resumed her reading.

I was reading to the girls in a school in Poitiers one of the messages that I had carried across the seas in the other direction—one of the messages from more than one hundred colleges and universities, which I had put up in a waterproof bundle to tie to my body if we were torpedoed—the beautiful message in verse from Vassar. (And I remember that in that school the girls of the Lycée had given up their dormitory, high on a crag overlooking the historic narrow valley, to their wounded fathers and brothers.) After reading the message in English which they could all understand, I said that I wished I might have a message from them to take back to the girls of America. "Perhaps that can be," said the Rector. But I said that I was leaving that night late for —— and would sail the next day. And it was then three o'clock. Before eleven o'clock that night there was in my hands a charming message in a cover of artistic design made in the interval by these girls.

Everywhere I went (and I traveled over two thousand miles in my five weeks), I was as a sower, flinging the white messages. And a wonderful harvest has sprung from them In Rennes, the capital of Brittany, a young university student, back from the trenches, with only one eye left but with the Croix de Guerre upon his breast, spoke in response for his fellow students, hoping that American youth would come not only to fight at their side but to take the places of those who in August, 1914, gladly left, singing in the fullness of their youth, to fall on the Marne, on the Yser, before Verdun, or in the Balkans. In Lyons there sprang a glorious garden of verses. In Dijon, in the very windows of the ancient hall where Rousseau received his first prize, there blossomed letters as fair and fragrant as the roses, "Gloire de Dijon," which I saw growing against the school-house in a village just outside of that famous old city, or as fair as the flowers which the children placed daily beneath the portrait of their master who had never come back from the trenches. From Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, Valence, and Nimes, and even from places far from the path of my journey, whither the seed of this white sowing had been carried by some appreciative one, the messages have come.

But those of rarest beauty have come from near the battle-front as if the very breath of the cannon had nourished them; for as Viviani said, when Minister of Education, "Unless the military authorities forbid, everywhere the schools must be kept open and so it is that the 'scholastic front' follows the very line of the trenches, never more than ten kilometers distant and sometimes only two!" Some of the buildings have been wrecked by shell or fire, as at Verdun and Rheims, whose pupils

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have been scattered and have found refuge, many of them, in caves. Some have repaired their wounds and have taken up their work again; some have even admitted the refugee brothers and sisters from the invaded districts Some live still in terror of the menace that flies by day and by night, as I know from my own experience in Nancy, where I not only saw the hostile aircraft in the sky but also the ruins of a primary school building from which the master had taken his pupils one morning when the shells from the big guns began to fall about. Counting the intervals between the shells he had his pupils in line and immediately, when the third or fourth had fallen, he marched them to a place of safety. The next shell fell upon the school, penetrated to the cellar, wrecked the building, and would probably have killed or maimed all the children had they remained. I said to the Rector that this pastor should have had the Croix de Guerre. "No," he answered, "any teacher in France would have done that."

The messages from this district, which is in the region that will become best known to our brothers in France, have come not only from Verdun, Rheims, and Nancy, but from Toul, Bar-le-Duc, Épinal, Remiremont, Neufchâteau (near the birthplace of Joan of Arc) and St. Dié, the village in the Vosges where the name "America" was first put upon the printed page. One cannot describe these simple yet exquisitely beautiful letters, as one cannot adequately describe a flower never seen by the reader or a fruit never tasted.

Can there be any better way of bringing into acquaintance and cordial relationship children who are to rebuild the world, but who are still separated by the seas, than by such interchange as is here illustrated? And we shall continue, of course, to be separated by the seas, but the letter of Odette Gastinel (aged about fourteen) of the Lycée Victor Duruy, tells better than any one else has told how near we are, after all, to the children of France:

"It was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.

"The ocean is so vast that the sea gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to the other hearts are touching."

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The Maidens of France to the Girlhood of America

MR. FINLEY brought back many replies to the letters he took to the schools of France. They have been distributed to the various schools and colleges. However, some of the most beautiful were for Vassar College, of which Dr. MacCracken, of the Junior Red Cross, is the President. From these we have made the selection which follows.—THE EDITORS.

FROM A YOUNG GIRL OF LORRAINE:

OVER the perilous ocean the winds of spring have breathed.

From America they bring us your words of friendship and of hope; from France they will bear to you thanks from us all for the generous support which the American nation has spontaneously offered to us at the summons of your glorious President.

Your touching words have conveyed the sentiments of your noble country. Your legitimate pride is our pride; we are happy to have seen the realization of our hope, to have by our side a power as loyal as that of great America. I already know your fair country, for my uncles and my aunts who live there have told me of the cheering welcome they received with you when they left their dear and ever-regretted Alsatian land. So our heart sings in unison with yours, and it will be our great joy soon to chant with you the hymn of victory.

You speak truly; in Nancy we are somewhat the sentinels of France, vigilant sentinels, who die if need be to bar the path of the enemy. At the beginning of the war we learned the anguish that wrings the heart, we spent cruel hours during the approach of the overwhelming masses that hurled themselves against the capital of Lorraine. And our hearts which until then had never known anything but the sweetness of friendship had to learn hatred of the stranger. Thanks to our defenders those terrible days had no more dread morrow. Thanks to them, Nancy, the city of the golden gates, remained inviolate.

The entry of the United States into the war has lighted up our souls with the pure ray of hope. Glory be to you! Already in the trenches our soldiers fight with a fresh ardor; they see through the lifting mists your great ships advancing toward our own dear France.

In a more peaceful future you will visit our country; for you the thistle of Lorraine will put forth fairer flowers and will soften the sharp points of its leaves; we shall offer it to you in all its purple splendor, and its honeyed perfume will be the incense arising to you from all Lorraine.

FROM THE PRINCIPAL OF THE COLLEGE OF VERDUN:

THAT message "of springtime and of hope" which came to us from Vassar College across the Atlantic, could not be given to the students of the college of Verdun. It was to their principal that the rector of the Academy of Nancy was so kind as to entrust it.

Our students and professors are scattered over all France; their beautiful college is in ruins; its terraces, but yesterday gay with roses, are to-day armed with cannon, and furrowed by trenches. During the first day of the invasion, many students were compelled to flee from their burning villages; some were carried away into captivity; one professor returned to France only to die; one student, after a slow agony, died, a victim of the odious war.

But through you—your sisterly message brings us fresh assurance of it—"our long agony shall be changed into a triumph," and the day draws near when that spirit shall reign, which shall have known how to hew for itself a path through all obstacles.

Upon that day the message of the girls of America to the girls of France will be assigned a place of honor in our reconstructed college; it will stand as eternal witness that you did not wait "for our country to be completely destroyed, before uniting with us, and helping us to rebuild it."

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FROM THE COLLEGE FOR YOUNG GIRLS OF ÉPINAL:

IT IS with joy that we have seen great and free America distinguish between the oppressor and the defender of the right, and join her forces to ours.

For three years we have had frequent occasion to thank you from the depths of our hearts, you who from a sense of duty toward humanity have succoured and cheered the unfortunate people of the invaded countries, you who through sympathy for France have given our army numerous ambulances, where young American women and girls have so generously devoted themselves to our wounded.

But soon on the battlefields of France, your starry banner will mingle with our three colors; your fathers, your brothers will fight by the side of ours, for one same ideal; the liberty of the world.

Awaiting the happy day when, victorious, the Allied Armies shall march under the Arc de Triomphe, amid the acclamations of the delivered peoples, permit the children of the Old World to send to their American friends, together with their thanks, the Kiss of France.

FROM THE GIRLS OF THE PRIMARY HIGH SCHOOL BAR-LE-DUC:

WE MOST sincerely wish that these few words may tell you, dear and distant friends—with what joy we of the High School of Bar-le-Duc, close to the great battlefields, received the graceful token of your sympathy.

May the Atlantic which caresses the shores both of America and of France, bear to you our grateful thanks! Thanks for having thought of our sorrow, and for having wished to unite your own tears and fears with ours. Thanks above all to you, who in the tenderness and ardor of your girlish souls, have found sincere and heart-moving words in which to tell us so.

In your charming "May Message" you reminded us that nature is gay and smiling. In France also the sky is blue, but it vibrates with echoes of the great battle; roses bloom, but they cling to the crumbling walls of our ruined houses, or to the rude wooden crosses on the narrow graves of our heroes, and amid the spring clouds float the light puffs of shells.

You can never know how one loves one's country when it is mutilated, nor with what fervour one blesses those who espouse its cause. That is why, dear girl Friends, this spring time of 1917 has seemed to us sweeter and fairer in that it has brought us the mighty aid of alliance with your noble country.

The same ships which to-day are braving the seas to bring your relatives and brothers to France, had long since taught us to love your country's name. They had already brought us a share of your friendship: our little refugees are playing with your toys, their clothing is sewed by your hands.

Our joy is now complete, our confidence unshakable, for on the not distant days of victory, beside our tricolored flag we shall see waving the dear banner which will have shed upon earth the stars of beauty and of hope.

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Santa Claus's Right Bowers

By Harriet V. Ogden

LONG, long ago, when you and I were young, most of our toys bore the legend, "Made in Germany," stamped upon them. To-day this species is almost extinct and the girls and boys won't have anything to do with the few that remain.

But where are the toys coming from, then? Well, here is a small, but extremely successful "factory" that combines usefulness and charity.

SOME people say there is no Santa Claus; but I've been to his shop—and I could take you there, too, any day. It's called "the Old Men's Toy Shop," because things must have a name. I went and I saw it with my eyes—big rooms where bearded men bent over long tables loaded with horses and camels, and giraffes and hippopotami, and furniture for dolls, and little carts to wheel round; and I smelt it with my nose—delicious and painty, with a tang of varnish, and very faint, if you were clever enough to catch it, the odor of sawdust; and I heard it with my ears—squeaking saws and tapping hammers and the voices of the old workmen talking to each other and singing songs So I know that it exists.

But it's rather hard to find until you've been there once. It's in Mott Street—that's in the lower part of New York City.

Santa Claus himself wasn't there that day. He's such a supernatural sort of a person you could hardly expect to find him cooped up between four walls. But it was only three days before Christmas and his workmen were very busy. There was nothing supernatural about *them*. They were just poor old men, who had known hunger and cold and the

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IN THE WORKSHOP

Where many an ancient finds respite from the buffetings of life's storms and experiences the joy that comes to those who work to make others happy

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numbing pain of uselessness, to whom the Toy Shop had came to mean warmth and food and the joy of being useful.

And how did this Old Men's Paradise come into being? I will tell you. Do you remember in 1914, the year the war first broke out in Europe, what a cold winter we had? And how little work there was for any one to do in the big cities? In New York it was awful, and everybody wanted to help. But it was hard to know how. So the Mayor, whose place it was, of course, to take the lead in such things, called together a number of people and said to them: "We must start a workshop where the poor men who have no other way of earning their living can come and make bandages to dress the wounds of the soldiers who are fighting in Europe. It will kill two birds with one stone."

Now, among the women who volunteered at once to help the Mayor in this work was Miss Catharine Foster.

She helped through the winter 'till spring came, and out in the country the fields needed plowing, and the seeds waited to be planted. One after another then the young men who were strong went off to plow and to plant, and the Mayor's workrooms were left almost empty.

"I will have to close them now" he said. "For so few I cannot spend the peoples' money." And of course he couldn't.

But Miss Foster looked at the few—old men—who looked back at her with dumb hopeless eyes, as you have seen a dog look who is suffering; and she said:

"For so few I will find some way to provide, myself."

So she opened a little shop of her own where the old men went on making bandages just as they had in the Mayor's rooms.

But the bandages the old men made in the workshop were not very good; the soldiers were not as grateful for them as they might have been. So Miss Foster looked about her and thought.

That year—do you remember?—it was hard for the children to get toys they liked. Over here there were hardly any made, not nearly enough to go round. No one wanted those marked "Made in Germany," and if they had, even those were very scarce.

Miss Foster had a big heart, there was room for little children in it as well as for old men.

"Stop making bandages for soldiers who don't want them," she said. "Make toys for children who do."

So the old men made toys. They were rather queer looking toys at first, because they didn't know how to make them, and the Good Fairy didn't know how to teach them. But she said, "I am going to teach you to make toys!"

She took a little piece of wood and she took a little saw and she sat down and tried. She cut out a duck and it looked awfully like a cat though it had only two legs; and her dog she couldn't tell from a camel. But she went on trying, and at last one day she found it had become very easy to tell the cat from the camel and the dog from the duck. She had learned to make them; and so did the old men, because as she had gone forward she had taken them with her, step by step. It wasn't very long after that before the toys were perfectly made, and then children far and wide wanted to play with them—far and wide as California is from New York.

By that time the workshop had grown so big, there were so many old men coming in, and so many toys going out, that Miss Foster felt the care of it weighing very heavily upon her. She really couldn't keep it up any longer.

So she went to what is called the "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor" (A. I. C. P. for short), and asked them to come and see what she had done. "And if you like it, take it and run it so that these poor old men will not have to be put out on the street."

"We like it very much," they answered when they had looked at it. "We like it better than anything anybody else has done for old men. We will take it and run it if you will help us for a time."

The old men are very happy in the shop. They enjoy making toys. "We like to think we're doing it for the children," they say, "because we were children once ourselves you know." (It's hard to remember that sometimes, isn't it?) They're warm there and they're comfortable. They get a little money, not very much, but more than they can get in any other way, and as much as they need. And every Christmas time the A. I. C. P. brings them all together at a Christmas dinner and a real Santa Claus appears and sees that they are provided with all clothing necessary for the winter. And above all, they are welcome. They know it and that makes them happy.

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A MASTER MECHANIC OF TOYDOM

The old men are very happy in the shop. They enjoy making toys. They get a little money, but above all they are welcome

just as it does anybody else. When a strange old man comes in, he doesn't understand at first; he doesn't realize how welcome he is, and he sits very still and works without speaking or laughing or even smiling. It takes him nearly a month to learn, then he begins to look up and talk, and after a while he sings with the others. It's like home to them, because it's always there and waiting for them. They can go away if they like, but they can come back whenever they want. There was one man there who hadn't been quite satisfied. It had been a long, long time since he was a child. He had lost an eye and he was lame on one foot but he wasn't sure he couldn't do more, and earn more. So he went away to work in a munition factory. He went across the river every morning into the country, and he came back every night late, after the stars were out. One day it began to snow, the kind of snow that's heavy and wet, half rain; and later the wind came up. I don't know what the old man was doing but it was something that kept him out of doors. The wet snow soaked through his clothes and the wind chilled him. When he got back to the city that night, so late the streets were already growing quiet, he was shivering and coughing. The next day he couldn't cross the river to the munition factory nor even go to the toy shop. It was a week before he could go out at all. He had just come back to the shop the day I was there. His voice was hoarse and he pressed his hand against his side because it hurt him.

"I guess I'll stay here now," he said. And he is welcome to stay all the rest of his life if he wants, as are all the others.

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The Golden Age of Childhood

AS PAINTERS of childhood the Old Masters have no equal. We have selected for reproduction in color eight paintings that best represent the artist's feeling for the spirit of childhood. These paintings are from the splendid prints of the Medici Society, which has long made a study of the art of reproducing the most famous paintings of the world in their actual colors.—THE EDITORS.

AMONG the Old Masters who have delighted in portraying children and whose presentments of the same are justly renowned, Peter Paul Rubens holds a prominent place. This great artist, the most famous colorist, with the possible exception of the Italian, Giorgione, was born in Siegen, Westphalia June 29, 1577. He was educated in the Jesuit school at Antwerp, and later became a lay brother, to which fact he owed his excellent classical training.

Rubens, while his fame rests chiefly upon his richly colored allegorical, historical, and sacred-subject pictures, was also renowned as a portrait painter. His portraits of the Cattaneo family of Genoa, painted while he was on his first visit to Italy, are among his best-known works of this character. Rubens died in Antwerp, May 30, 1640.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN, the early Scotch master, a contemporary of Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Gainsborough, and Hoppner, was born in Stockbridge, Scotland, March 4, 1756. He was apprenticed as a boy to a goldsmith in Edinburgh, but early took up painting in oil and of miniatures for himself. After a visit to Italy in 1778 he returned to reside in Edinburgh. He was made a Royal Academician in 1815 and died July 8, 1823.

JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD, whose well-known "The Fair-Haired Boy" is reproduced in this issue, was born at Grasse, France, April 5, 1732, and was a pupil of Chardin and Boucher. He was much influenced by the work of the Italian, G. B. Tiepolo. His specialty was decorative outdoor paintings with figures which he painted with great skill. His most famous works are the Fragonard panels of "The Seasons" formerly owned by the late J. Pierpont Morgan, but now the property of Mr. Henry C. Frick.

PERHAPS the most generally known picture of childhood the world over, is "The Age of Innocence," by the early English master, Sir Joshua Reynolds—which has been widely reproduced and there are but few homes which do not possess one of the countless illustrations of this masterpiece. Sir Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton Earl, Devonshire, England, July 16, 1723. He studied in London under Thomas Hudson, and launched himself as a portrait painter there in 1746. Three years later he went to Rome, and there contracted a cold which deprived him of his hearing. After a visit to all the art galleries of Italy he returned home and associated himself with Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Garrick; became a personage, and was appointed Portrait Painter to the King in 1784.

MARIE ANNE ÉLISABETH VIGÉE LEBRUN, whose "Boy in Red" is reproduced in this issue, was born in Paris, April 16, 1755. She was a member of the French Academy and also of those of St. Petersburg, Bologna, Copenhagen, Parma, Berlin, and Geneva. She was preëminently a painter of portraits, historical scenes, and landscapes. She left over 650 portraits, 200 landscape and 15 historical pictures at her death, March 30, 1842.

FRANCISCO ZURBARAN whose "The Virgin at Six" we reproduce was born at Fuente de Cantos, Estremadura, Spain in 1598. His best known work is the "Apotheosis of St. Thomas Aquinas." He died in 1662.

JOHN HOPPNER was born in London, April 4, 1758. He was one of the most renowned of early English portrait painters and "The Sackville Children" is a characteristic and justly famous work. He died on January 23, 1810.

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The Diary of Two Red Cross Dogs

By Julia M. Sloane

Illustrated by Clara McChesney

RAGS and Tags are two silver-haired Yorkshire terriers living in California. They are twins and live together in greater harmony than most brothers. Rags is handsomer, more a man of the world than Tags, but Tags has a finer nature and a very appealing face.

When the excitement roused by Germany's submarine declaration directed so many people's thoughts toward what they could do to help the Red Cross, the terriers' owners made little boxes with red crosses and fastened them to the dogs' collars. They encouraged the dogs to show their one trick of sitting up side by side. It succeeded very well and many dimes and nickels, even larger coins, went into the boxes. It isn't only the actual money they have collected that counts, but the friends they have made for themselves and for the Red Cross that have added something worth while.—THE EDITORS.

WE'VE never kept a diary before, but our master, Billie, writes in a little book every night and we thought we would try, because a lot of interesting things keep happening to us. Everyone says we are smart, so we ought to be able to do a little simple thing like that. We won't bother about the weather, but just put down the important things.

We've always enjoyed life, especially when we can ride in the motor. We like the way the wind blows in our whiskers and it's exciting to see dogs on the sidewalk, and sometimes we even see cats. When we wait by the sidewalk for our big master, people often talk to us and pat us, and it's all very friendly.

One day last winter something happened that we don't quite understand, but it has to do with a man called "Uncle Sam" and a man called the Kaiser. Next morning my big master put little white boxes with red crosses painted on them round our necks before we started down town. They were most unpleasant and in the way, but we couldn't do anything about it—at least, not then.

When we stopped by the sidewalk my mistress opened a package which we were glad to see held graham crackers and sugar. We sat on the back of the machine and begged her to give us some at once. Then an odd thing happened. People began to put jingling things into the holes in our boxes. When that happened we got an extra piece of sugar. I heard my mistress say to my master when he came out of the bank: "They got $2.00 while you were gone."

That is how it started, and now we've explained, we can go on with the diary.

February 14. Had a bath, which we detest. Everyone said we looked lovely. Wore our new boxes (we had chewed up our old ones as they annoyed us). Our mistress had graham crackers again, and we sat up as soon as the car stopped, hoping she would give us some. A good many people spoke to us, and put what our mistress calls money into our boxes. One man with a smile put in such a big round thing that it almost stuck.

One pretty black-haired girl came out of a store and said could she please love us six cents worth? We liked her a lot, and she can pat us whenever she likes. There is a traffic officer who is our friend. We like him, too. He knows about dogs. People with dogs of their own are the ones who put money into our boxes. We thank them all, and we'd like to know their dogs.

Our picture was in the paper, and people call us the Red Cross Dogs. You can see that it is all so interesting that we will just have to keep a diary.

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RAGS AND TAGS—RED CROSS DOGS

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February 15. A young man stopped by the motor to-day and said, "You two puppies cost me $1.25 yesterday. I saw you, and I had to join the Red Cross and buy a pin." A smiley man told us about his sister's Angora cats that brought up eighty kittens. We did wish we could have a chance at them! We have never caught a cat, but we hope to some day; we never get tired trying. Begging is hard work. The sun is hot, and our backs get rather limp, but we are going to do our best.

February 16. We didn't wear our boxes to-day because our masters—our real little masters—had entered us in a pet show at their school. Were you ever in a pet show? It's very unpleasant, no shade to speak of, and all kinds of silly little puppies yapping, and parrots screeching, and kittens miauling—we can't get near them, of course. It made us very nervous. We were glad to get our blue ribbon and go home. We felt very tired indeed and slept all the rest of the day.

February 17. We went to see a lady who writes about dogs to-day. We all went, our little masters, and our big master and mistress. We liked her ever so much, and we'd trust her always. We sat in her lap and looked at a picture of her dog who is like us, only handsomer. She gave us each a little envelope with $1.50 in it, so Saturday was a good day! It was a great rest to our backs, too!

February 23. To-day a man talked to us a great deal and showed us the picture of his dog, which he carries always in his cigarette case.

When we got home, our mistress had a caller and though we aren't allowed in the drawing-room, we slipped in while they were talking and sat up in front of her and she gave us one whole crackling dollar. My mistress says that we can't do that often, because if we do, no one will come to see her! We don't quite understand, because it seemed to us a great success. (A few days later Tags ran off by himself and privately collected fourteen cents.)

February 24. We don't beg Sundays, and to-day it has rained so hard that we couldn't go out. We were crazy to go, because we had a letter in the morning saying that we are real members of the Red Cross. We feel rather proud and are practising sitting up without any crackers or sugar or anything.

March 8. We know it isn't nice to be proud, and we are trying not to be, but we have just sent our personal check to the Red Cross for $10 and another $10 to the ambulance corps, and it does give us a perfectly lovely feeling all the way from our ears to our tails.

You see, when you have to sit up on the end of your backbone and wave your paws in the air for every single nickel, it gives you a little excuse to be proud.

That isn't quite true about the nickels. We've had several wonderful things happen. Our mistress had a dinner party and some pretty ladies in shiny dresses loved us a good deal. We were disgracefully dirty, because the boys had bad colds in their heads and couldn't wash us, but the party didn't mind. One nice lady, especially, didn't mind. She carried us around in the most comfortable way under her arm wherever she went, and let us sit on her silky lap and fed us sugar from her coffee, and gave us a whole dollar, though we weren't even wearing our boxes, and all we meant when we sat up was for her please to pet us some more. We suppose we won't spend another evening like that ever again; such wonderful things don't happen to ordinary dogs often. We suppose those little lapdogs are so accustomed to it that they don't half enjoy it, but we aren't that kind.

March 9. We haven't been very well. Our noses were hot and we had to take some medicine, and couldn't beg for a day or two. We are all right again now, and can go out in the motor next week, if it doesn't rain. There is a pretty lady with red hair, who had spent all her money except one nickel for carfare, who has promised to look for us, and we want to be there when she does.

Sunday, March 11. It is a lovely day, which means that we will have to have a bath. We don't like baths. We have some sympathy with cats when they put us in the laundry tubs. We shiver and shiver, and look just as drowned and wretched as we know how, but it doesn't do any good. The boys do their best, but nothing could make it a pleasant job. Sitting on the register, cuddled up in a blanket, isn't bad, and being combed is rather pleasant. We hope to look nice the next time we go down town, for the last day we were out someone said, "Why don't they comb you?"

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March 17. Something happened to-day. We were coming home in the motor car when we met a whole long procession of wagons with animals in cages. It was thrilling! Just the smell of them alone was enough to make us forget everything. One cage was full of enormous cats with glary eyes. I can tell you that we barked as we never barked before. We almost fell out of the machine. It didn't seem to bother them a bit, probably because they felt so safe behind their bars.

March 22. Yesterday our master and mistress were doing errands and left us in the car to wait. It was very sunny and unpleasant, as the top was down, so we got out and walked up the street to the Red Cross headquarters and went in there to wait. We thought as we were members, it would be all right. My big master came in a great hurry and found us sitting up for quite a circle of ladies and being pleasantly patted. We saw then, that we had done wrong, because he seemed afraid we were lost We are very sorry he was worried, but he'll know where to look for us next time.

April 2. We are wondering whether it is because we are keeping a diary that so many things happen to us that never happened before; or whether it is the other way 'round, and that we really have to keep a diary because there are so many interesting things to put into it. We had a poem written about us and a picture painted of us, with our heads made out of little bits of shell. Any one could recognize who it was, but we don't think it flatters us. This is the poem:

"RAGS AND TAGS"

A little bit added to what we've got
May cool a brow with fever hot,
May help to end this awful strife—
May soothe a pain or save a life.

We want to thank the lady very much. It is our first poem. We think it beautiful.

Our picture is in the movies and ever so many people told us they saw us on Saturday night. We would like to see how we look on the screen, but, of course, they won't allow dogs in theatres. We were very quiet—what you might call "private" dogs—till just lately, and now everybody knows us. We rather like it, but sometimes it's a comfort to crawl under the very darkest part of the sofa and decline to come out.

April 16. We had a most unpleasant time this afternoon. We had a little misunderstanding and were settling it in our own way, when all the family rushed frantically to the terrace where we were having it out, and separated us. Do you know those basket chairs—Chinese I think they are? Well, they put one over each of us, just as if we were two silly hens in coops! We were annoyed, we can tell you. Then they went out to walk. We simply howled at the tops of our lungs so that our mistress had to let us out, "on account of the neighbors," she said. Sometimes the neighbors are a great comfort. Since then we have gotten along very well.

April 20. The lady that writes about dogs heard that our boxes were worn out, and offered to have new tin ones made for us, but the family thinks they'd be heavy and rattle and make us nervous, so we are going to stick to the wedding cake kind, which is what we are wearing now. We thank her just the same. She invited us to call again and she gave us ever so much money, and we thank her a lot.

April 30. We have a secret. We've had it quite a while and we've just got to tell it or burst. We are going to have our diary printed in a little book with a picture of us in the front of it and a perfectly lovely cover. We have a friend called "Chiffon" who lives across the street and her mistress is an artist and is painting the cover. You see we have to go to the country soon, where there is nothing to do but chase rabbits and chickens, and we were worried about how they would get along without us at the Red Cross. Then we thought of this plan about our diary. We will sell as many as we can and give the money to the Red Cross and that will help just as much as begging, we hope.

Of course, we are awfully excited about seeing our own diary printed. We went down to the place where it is to be done ourselves, as we didn't care to leave it entirely to our master and mistress. Everyone was very pleasant and I know they are going to make it just like a real book. This will be all that we can write because if we don't hurry it will be too late for the book, so we'll just say, "Thank you" to everyone and please don't forget us.

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Little Farms for Little Folks

By Leonard Barron

(Editor of The Garden Magazine)

I NEVER yet saw the child who did not like to make mud pies, but there is a drawback to this kind of amusement; it doesn't get anywhere. The mud pies are of no use and all you can do is simply throw them away and begin all over again.

Let me introduce you to a new amusement, in which you will still play with the earth but instead of making useless mud pies, you will be planting seeds and growing fragrant flowers or vegetables good to eat. America can use every child's fingers this year in making gardens and growing something for the home. Listen to what the President himself has said: "Everyone who creates and cultivates a garden helps, and helps greatly, to solve the problem of the feeding of the nation."

NOW that the long summer holiday for the school children is fast approaching, we felt that a Junior Number would indeed be incomplete without an article telling how little hands might best be employed in helping the Nation meet the food crisis; so we asked Mr. Leonard Barron, the Editor of the *Garden Magazine*, to write us about how Red Cross children could grow gardens. And here is his answer.

Has it never occurred to you, children of America, that there are some things, that there are some duties, in our present great national crisis that can be done just as well by little hands as by big ones? With the fathers and the elder brothers engaged in other tasks where greater strength and endurance are wanted, there is all the greater chance and need for you younger ones at home to take over a different share of the nation's work.

Did you ever make a garden? Did you ever sow a few flower or vegetable seeds, and watch for the nasturtiums or the sweet peas or the radishes, or lettuces or whatever it may be, to come through the ground? You have? Then you know the delights. Don't you remember poking the ground the next day to see if it was "coming up?" Of course, that was all wrong and you wouldn't do such a stupid thing to-day, but you did have a lot of fun then, even if you didn't have a real garden outdoors but had to grow your seeds on a piece of wet flannel—it was great fun, wasn't it, just to see them grow? And just think, now, you can have exactly the same amusement, with the added joy of knowing that you are doing your bit toward feeding the brave soldiers and sailors who are giving their very lives for our protection.

Of course, the potato you grow or the beans that you raise may not actually go over the seas. You may eat it yourself; and yet by doing that you leave uneaten another potato and start it on its road to France. Thousands of people will starve this year if America does not send food away, and what the children of America can grow for their own homes will release the exact equivalent or equal amount for "Over There." *America must feed the world.* There's a big proposition, but America *can* feed the world if you children will feed America. Can you do it? Of course, you can! Will you do it? Of course, you will!

HOW TO BEGIN

Now let us go out-of-doors and see what your garden looks like. A garden does not have to be big; in fact, a small piece of ground, if it's only ten feet square, properly looked after, is better than a piece very much larger which will overtax your strength. Millions of dollars can be saved this year if every child cultivates one little bit of ground.

An early start is half the battle; this doesn't mean early in the morning, but early in the year, as soon as the ground can be dug.

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IN THE CHILDREN'S GARDEN

In 1917 the War Food Garden Commission estimated that 135,000,000 dollars' worth of food crops were produced in backyard gardens, vacant lots, etc , not previously tilled

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SHALL I PICK SOME FOR YOU?

How soon is that? Just as soon after the frost has gone as the ground can be dug over and left in a crumbling condition, not muddy, for remember that the roots of the plants must be able to penetrate the crumbly earth. It is impossible to give an actual date. It will vary with the kind of soil, its condition and the part of the country you happen to be in. A safe guide is to watch the farmer and when he begins to plow you begin to dig. Digging is not the easiest work and if the plot is pretty large it will be better to get some farmer to plow it for you, but whatever is done, be sure that the ground is thoroughly dug, about a foot deep. A spadeful at a time, dug up, and turned upside down. There are several reasons why the ground is dug or "prepared." Air is as important to the roots of plants as water is, and the packing and hardening of winter must be broken up. Remember deep preparation in spring means less trouble in watering during summer. Just because the soil has been turned over frequently in this way old gardens are more fertile than new ones. It is much easier if you can use a piece of land that has been in cultivation before, easier and better too. If it is at all possible, add manure at this time, spreading it over the ground before digging and so turning it under. Stable manure is of the greatest value because of the straw and other vegetable refuse matter that it contains. This decaying vegetable matter supplies an essential element of fertility—humus. Humus works in a complicated and obscure way but it helps to convert the mineral matter in the soil into real plant food and holds water like a sponge. Well manured soils do not bake and "cake." For a plot of ground fifty by fifty feet two loads of manure would not be extravagant —but if you can only get one or half a one, use it and be thankful.

Really a good deal of gardening can be done with very few tools. However, rememb

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A BACKYARD EYE-SORE
A familiar sight from the viewpoint of almost any urban tenement

that *good* tools are a real and ever-present help. The dealers offer, besides the standard sizes, smaller sizes, lighter weight tools "for ladies and children." Let me urge you to use the heaviest and most substantial tool that you can reasonably handle. The weight of the tool itself helps largely in the work. A flimsy tool breaks when put to real service and the deficiency of a light tool must be made up with much extra work.

Five tools you really ought to have are a spade or digging fork, a hoe, a rake, a trowel and a watering can. Other tools will make things easier but you can get along without them. Remember, a spade, not a shovel. A shovel is for scooping or shoveling, a spade is for digging. If the ground has been in cultivation before, a spading fork with flat tines will serve every purpose. The hoe is used for making furrows, for stirring the soil and for "hilling up." The rake is for cleaning and smoothing, for drawing the soil to fill up a furrow and for smoothing over the rough surface of the newly dug ground. Use the trowel for transplanting and for lifting small plants. The watering can's use is obvious. Remember that plants newly set out need water to help them recover from the shock.

The garden may be planted on two different systems, the commonest and poorest method is to do all the planting at one time. The better way is to make several plantings or "successions" as they are called, thus utilizing some of the ground two or three times in the season. It is a mistake to be in too great a hurry. Make haste slowly is an excellent rule for the gardener. When the buds of the trees begin to swell (which in the neighborhood of New York is about the middle of March) is the time for the first planting, when only the hardiest vegetables can be sown. These include early cabbage, onions, early beets, early corn, peas, carrots, turnips, radishes, potatoes and lettuce. When the apple trees come into flower make the second planting; corn, beets, summer squash, beans, and more lettuce.

THE TIME TO PLANT

After the ground is thoroughly warm, probably in June, it is time to put in lima beans, another planting of corn, winter squash, cucumbers; then tomatoes and peppers may also be set out by transplanting. Later plantings through July as space occurs, when earlier crops give out, are: lettuce, beets for winter, cabbage for winter, corn and if con-

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THE TRANSFORMATION

After Young America has transformed it from an ash-heap to a well-kept kitchen garden

ditions are favorable, a last sowing of peas and turnips can be made in August.

In order to be prepared for the transplanting of cabbage, tomato, pepper, and eggplants, in their proper season, seeds must be previously started indoors during March and February. These, however, can usually be bought, a dozen for a few cents, from growers who specialize in raising plants for setting out, and generally that will be the more satisfactory course to follow.

WHAT SHALL BE GROWN

Not all vegetables are equally simple to manage nor equally profitable either. In the patriotic garden, where we are straining every effort for profitable production, some vegetables had better be omitted. Remembering that our main object is production of crops that will help the nation's food supply, we will better meet the demands by growing the crops that are least perishable, best stored and easily transported. The size of the garden must also be considered. Our own requirements may call for radishes and lettuces in abundance, we may be very fond of peas, but none of these are really profitable crops under the present circumstances. The staple crops will better meet requirements: potatoes, beans, the root crops (beets, carrots, etc.). All these can be stored for winter use.

You can get three bushels of potatoes from a plot 15 x 20 ft. and growing potatoes is like growing money. I saw one garden last year on which potatoes were planted March 17th. The crop was harvested and early sweet corn immediately planted—two staple crops in one season. This was a plot about 25 x 25 ft. and the combined yields brought fifty dollars.

Beans are always profitable. Bush or pole kinds can be grown. They can be used green as snap beans or allowed to ripen and shelled, and shell beans will give more concentrated food, bulk for bulk, than anything else you can grow in the garden. Food production will help Hoover. All the root crops are worth growing because they can be stored for winter. Succulent green vegetables are bulky and unless used while fresh are generally wasteful.

An exception, however, is Swiss chard which is really a kind of beet, only you eat the leaves and discard the root. It is profitable to grow because new leaves keep on forming

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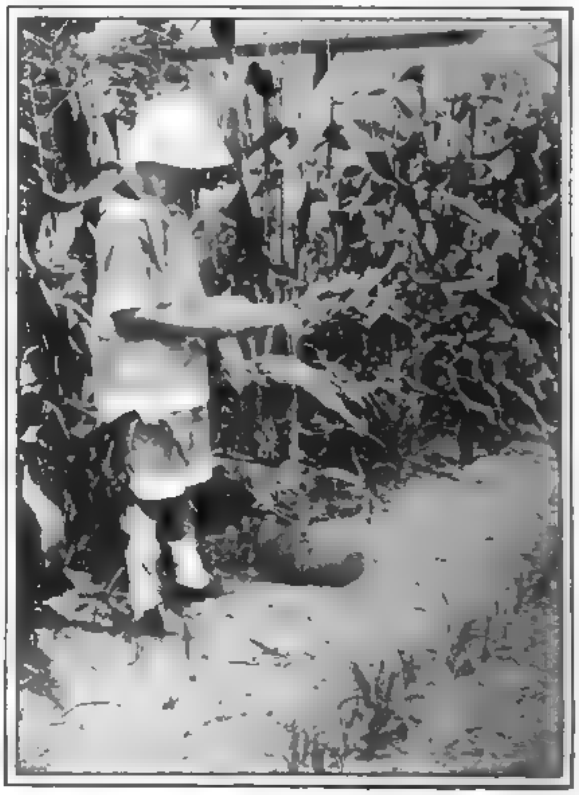
THE FIRST STEPS

as you cut off the older ones. The thick leaf stalk is used like asparagus, and the green leaf part like spinach.

THE GARDEN: A GOLD MINE

How can the child's garden best serve the nation? First of all, as has been suggested already, by helping the home larder—this will relieve the demand for other food supplies produced elsewhere. Just consider for a moment what one child's garden did in a western state last year. Growing radishes, beans, beets, cabbages and tomatoes, it produced crops worth over $1,600.00 an acre! Another with beans, lettuces, beets, radishes and tomatoes gave at the rate of $1,655.00 the acre. Think of it! Think what it would mean to your own town or village if all the back yards and vacant lots were cultivated by the children this year! Think what it would mean to increase the total production of this country by this method! Here's the opportunity! The land is at your hand. All the land needed can be had for the asking. Are you going to ask? Of course, the product of these plots will not be shipped abroad; it is not necessary, it is not desirable even—they will be consumed at home. If every family becomes a producer the big problem of the high cost of living will be largely solved. The need is first of all the home table and the family larder, and then the disposal of the surplus. "Eat what you can and can what you can't," and what you can't can, sell. There is always a place for



FINE AS SILK

the disposal of either fresh vegetables in summer or the canned product in winter. But you say you don't want to raise vegetables? Very well; grow flowers. Near a summer resort cut blooms of sweet peas, nasturtiums, cornflowers, gladiolus, etc., always find a ready sale; for truly "man does not live by bread alone," and the beauty and fragrance of fresh flowers are food for the soul. A patch of some red flower in the form of the Red Cross emblem would help attract attention of the casual passerby. For fall and summer the scarlet sage may be used, and earlier the glowing field poppy.

RED CROSS GARDENS

The child's garden movement will also help the Red Cross. Through its junior membership the American Red Cross is organized to give its members help and practical teaching

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in garden matters and it is your opportunity to serve the Red Cross through the garden. From the sale of the garden product funds may be raised to carry on the direct work of the Red Cross in supplying the needs in articles actually wanted—wool, knitted garments, and such like.

There are three channels through which the work may be done. First, independent garden groups, or clubs, which can make money contributions from their returns from the gardens; second, community units working in coöperation with other organizations, under the supervision of competent instructors; third, the junior membership of the schools. For instance, taking the school-garden unit. A plot of ground attached to the school or the use of a piece acquired near by is worked as a school garden under the direct supervision of a teacher. The school itself has junior

A PRIZE CROP

membership in the Red Cross and contributes as a school. The gardens, operated under school supervision, will grow crops best suited to conditions but always having in mind those which will really contribute substantially to the available food supply. The children are working for their school and the products of their labor are sold in the best local market, according to conditions and the cash returned to the school junior membership fund. This is used for the purpose of buying necessary raw supplies from which the scholars again make the garments, etc., that the Red Cross needs. Working in this way the entire school population of the country, numbering many millions, can easily earn millions of dollars' worth of material to help meet the demands. School gardens are already in existence in many centres but they have seemed to lack a definite objective. Here, now, is their great opportunity to be an important cog in the great machinery of the Red Cross.

Ignorance of "how to garden" cannot be accepted as an excuse for inaction, because there are plenty of agencies and individuals who may be called upon to help. Unquestionably the services of the country agricultural agents may be enlisted for any instruction that may be necessary, nor will an appeal for help be made in vain to the farmers, the nurserymen, florists, or other trained horticulturists of the locality; they are always ready to do "their bit."

HOW ABOUT THESE?

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EARLY one Thursday morning there gathered at the station at Liège, in Belgium, a group of children, five hundred and eighty-one of them; children largely from the mining towns in the neighborhood who had been collected by a Belgian committee. They were mostly between the ages of six and fourteen, a few younger and a few older. In their hands many of them carried little sacks, from the corners of which bulged a loaf of bread or an apple.

On that day and the next they traveled until they came to the Swiss border. There they were transferred to another train and for the next day traveled across Switzerland. The Swiss are very kind to these expatriated children; chocolate, apples, bread, and all kinds of food are poured out on them as they pass across the country. Besides, they can move about more freely in the Swiss train. A new disease has developed among these children in bringing them through Germany; they sit so quietly on high seats with their little legs hanging down with their heavy boots on that the circulation is checked and when they arrive and try to clamber down and out of the cars they cannot walk; they have to be carried to a hospital, there to rest for a day or two and to be rubbed until the circulation comes back. They call this "train paralysis."

At last on Sunday morning at four o'clock the train reached the French border: it stopped for a moment and there climbed hurriedly on board two Belgian officers. To the children they were the first real sign of home; for three long years no one of these little Belgians had seen the Belgian uniform. A chorus of shrill cries, a crowd of little hands thrust up to be shaken, and one older child

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"Suffer Little Children—"

Illustrated by Norman Price

UPON no one has the war imposed a heavier burden than upon the little children. Made orphans, starved, forced to witness scenes that would try the nerves of many an older person, even mutilated, the lot of the little ones in the conquered regions has been a hard one indeed.

The American Red Cross is caring splendidly for the children sent back from the invaded countries to France, feeding and clothing them until such a time as they can be returned to their scattered relatives.

threw both arms around the doctor's neck and kissed him again and again crying "My mother told me to kiss the first Belgian officer I saw."

Then for an hour or more the train rolled through the darkness of the early dawn. A little after five it slowly rumbled into the station at Evian. Out of every window were stretched waving hands and little heads, crying, calling, cheering frantically and singing. As the train came to a stop, five Evian trumpeters began their gay fanfare of welcome, re-echoed by the shouts of the children. The children streamed from the cars and poured through the waiting room, crying greetings and holding up their hands to be shaken—little cold, damp hands—just for a touch to any one they passed. Out in the streets they were gathered in a crowd forming a sort of line and the trumpeters placed themselves at their head. A few sick ones had been carried off the train by kindly hands and placed in ambulances waiting to take them straight to the hospital.

Suddenly the trumpets blew loud and the throng of children began to move with a quick, rapid step, almost a run. In groups, in pairs, holding hands together, a little brother clinging to his sister, four or five little friends side by side, hurrying, singing shrilly now the, "Brabançonne"—"Le Roi, La Loi, La Liberté"—the song about the "Roi Albert and the Soldier" with its stirring chorus, "Halte-là"—all the songs they had not been allowed to sing for three long years; streaming along in the deep blue light of the dawn, the stars sparkling above the long street, down the hill on the glistening road shining with the dampness of the night. A very little one in a blue cape and pointed cap, like a

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little bell with two clappers, fell in his hurry and the stream began piling up around him. Quickly he was lifted to his feet, comforted for a moment and then clasping his preserver tightly by the hand started on again. Other little fingers grasped the preserver's other hand and as they all moved on he looked up and found himself a link in a group of very little ones within their midst a tall, sweet-faced nurse in a long blue veil and cloak of the color just darker than the sky. She smiled and said *Les pauvres petits* (poor little tots), and the two moved slowly on together through the clear light of that early morning, towering above the children crowding around them, like shepherds among their sheep.

It is only a short walk to the casino and the children kept on without a pause and poured into the big hall and sat down at the tables all laid with a big cup of chocolate and a piece of bread at each place for them, with all the normal pushing and crowding of hungry youngsters. The hall soon filled, every one eating and talking. Now and again some song would start and spread quickly from one side to the other, drowning every other sound, and occasionally the band in the gallery played a gay martial air. The chocolate finished, the Maire of the town rose. It was then about 6:30 A.M., and he was in his full-dress suit with his scarf of office. He said a few hearty, friendly words, welcoming the children to France, telling them of the world's debt to their country, and of what their pride should be in her, and wishing them every kindly thing. Then from the balcony a woman sang "La Brabançonne," the children joining loudly in the chorus, and after that "La Marseillaise," the men all standing at attention.

Then came a proof of the very remarkable system which has been perfected by the French authorities at Evian for taking care of the expatriates, old and young. The children filed out from the hall to a room where each one's name was taken and certain facts about them recorded; then all went to the bath for a scrub while their clothes were baked for twenty minutes; then back again to pass the doctor, each and every one; and then they were led away in small squads to different parts of the town. In two hours the whole thing was finished and the children settled for a day of quiet sleep and rest before going on to Le Glandier. The next day the final stage of the journey was to begin. From Evian on the Lake of Geneva to Le Glandier which is near Limoges, in the southern central part of France, is in time of peace a journey of some ten hours. Now it was to take the special train, provided by the French Government to carry these children, nearly forty-two hours of steady travel.

"They will never get these children all together again in time," said the chief of the expedition; "581 of them scattered all over the town!" But at one o'clock the next day the children began pouring from every street and corner of the town of Evian as if the Pied Piper had called them—little groups of children led by some older person. It was like the gathering of the clans, small but noisy. The station, when they were collected in it, sounded like a great tree full of sparrows. Three doors were opened and the children passing through were checked by name to be sure the count was right, before they reached the platform and climbed on the waiting train. Such gentle kindliness as every one showed as they handled them, those independent little waifs! They were miners' children, and town children with much of the energy and sharp wits of the *gamin*. The toll was perfect; not one was missing. The train of eight cars, with one car reserved for the hospital and headquarters' staff and every other carrying eighty or more children, was ready. Amidst shouts and cries and songs it moved out at last and the voyage was on.

It might seem to an elderly bachelor coming in contact with children chiefly at Christmas and family celebrations that two days and two nights of travel; and indefinite separation from their families; an unknown destination; an uncomfortable third class car; and not too much to eat would have caused these 581 to be rather subdued. Far from it. The wildest spirits prevailed. The start for a fresh air picnic is seldom livelier. The guardians, one in each car, made desperate attempts to keep the boys from climbing out of the windows, from fighting, from overwhelming entirely the smallest ones, and at the same time to give them some fun and exercise. That noon the train stopped for half an hour and kindly people, warned in advance, brought hot coffee, bread, and chocolate for the children. Again at six o'clock food was passed in to them through the windows from the platform; soup and sausage and bread. At about nine o'clock the lights were turned low to invite sleep.

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Gradually the cars quieted down; persuasion, severity, bribes finally succeeding. The piles of sleeping children were arranged in some comfort and order, the lonely ones comforted, the boisterous subdued, the littlest ones put up in the luggage nets, and by one o'clock the entire car slept—except the guardians. Occasionally, even then, a child had to be removed from the head of a suffocating brother or picked up from the floor where he had rolled off on to the heater, or rearranged so that he or she lay more in accordance with the laws of anatomy. It was a clear, cold night; a light snow had fallen on the hills and the high lands and the morning came up crisp and white as the trainload of sleeping children moved slowly on its way.

At four in the morning of the second day the train arrived at Pompadour.

The children were carried over the seven kilometers that lie between Pompadour and Le Glandier and set down just outside the walls. They made their formal entrance to Le Glandier through the monastery gates, a Belgian flag at the head of the procession, the American and French flags following, proudly carried by three of the biggest boys. Singing "La Brabançonne" they came cheerfully through the portal, all the fatigues of the journey forgotten.

HOUSED IN A MONASTERY

It is the American Red Cross which supplies the financial support for this work through its department for Belgium, but the management and control is in the hands of Belgian officials who are especially attached to the works which the Queen has undertaken for Belgian children. At the head of the establishment is Captain Charles Grau of the Belgian Army and next to him Dr. Neelemans, also of the Belgian Army, who have under them a corps of some sixty assistants including eight or more teachers, both men and women.

Le Glandier itself is a Carthusian monastery founded in 1219 by a neighboring Vicomte de Comborn, and occupied by the monks ever since, until the expulsion of their congregations from France.

The buildings lie on a little hill surrounded by a high wall, part of which borders on the high road and part on a wide stream of rapid water. Within the outer wall is the large court, once the cloister, with fourteen little buildings about it, each surrounded by a garden and able to hold about twenty children, the church, the numerous buildings used for refectories, dormitories, and the work of the community, a large plot of ground for a garden and a great fish pond, some 200 by 100 meters large and three or four feet deep, which is already destined for an ideal swimming pool.

In the simplest way the dormitories for boys and girls, the wash-rooms, the refectories, the kitchens had all been furnished and made ready. From the stream there is power in plenty to turn a dynamo to give electric light to the whole establishment and later on to run a laundry which is soon to be installed. The great court is an ideal playground in good weather, and there are big lofts and garrets which can be used in bad weather.

A wise and careful plan has been made out for the teaching and care of these children; first for the building up of their health through wholesome food and exercise, for the children were all chosen because they had been undernourished and were in a condition where only good food and care, which could not be given them in Belgium, would save them all. Regular athletic instruction is to be given by some young men sent there by the "Friends" and especially trained for their work. There will be manual training and gardening also. Then for their school Belgian teachers have been loaned by the Belgian Government and simple courses in the essentials will be given to both boys and girls. The American Red Cross has already sent them a dentist and a barber. There are two doctors and four nurses who have arranged an infirmary, which so far has few occupants.

A complete list of the children who arrive has been sent back to the committee at Liège and published there so that the families will all know that their little ones are safe and sound and in kind hands in France.

That night, when the children, tired out at last, had been put to bed, the Chief and those who had traveled with him made a tour of inspection. In the long galleries where the monks had walked and talked lay rows of little cots, covered with gay flowery coverlets and a little round head on each white bolster.

"Five hundred and eighty-one—not one missing," murmured the chief. "We can do so much for them here!"

"And their mothers, meanwhile?"

"Ah! Their mothers——"

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Unpublished Letters of a True Lover of Children

Illustrated by John Frost

In his letters to his daughters, Mildred and Lillian, at school, Joel Chandler Harris, the creator of the immortal "Uncle Remus," writes in that sunny, charming vein that made him so beloved throughout this great land of ours. The accompanying letters have been selected from a number which the author's daughter-in-law, Julia Collier Harris, is assembling for publication in a forthcoming volume entitled, "Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris."—THE EDITORS.

UNCLE REMUS once said to an interviewer: "I am fond of children, but not in the *usual* way, which means a hug, a kiss, or a word in passing. I get down to their level, think with them and play with them. I was a child in feeling when I began to write for other children and I have not grown up yet."

This rare and delightful ability to feel with children, to enter into their moods, and to look at life from their view-point is nowhere more evident than in the letters of "Uncle Remus" to his own children. There was never a time during his married life when he did not hear the voices of the little ones in his ears. Before the youngest of his six children had passed out of childhood, there were grandbabies toddling about the wide front porch, or rolling in the grass of the front lawn like happy kittens. The presence of children was a joy to "Uncle Remus" and he would have been glad if an inventive genius could have patented a certain kind of happy, healthy baby that would never grow up.

The Harris children had every kind of domestic pet; a donkey, a pony, cats, dogs, birds, gold-fish, rabbits, guinea-pigs and silkworms. There was ample room at "Snap Bean Farm," on the outskirts of Atlanta, for all these cherished creatures, likewise for two beautiful Jersey cows and their progeny. Therefore when the two little daughters of the family, Lillian and Mildred, became old enough to go to a convent school in Washington, Ga., it must have been very sad for them to say good-bye to all these little playfellows.

But "Uncle Remus" knew how little girls feel—how their little hearts and brains work—and in his almost daily letters to his own little girls he gave them news of everything that went on in the family circle—all the gossip of the nursery, the kitchen, and the playground, and he did this in a way that was full of fun and tenderness. Mildred was his "Tommy" because she wanted to be a boy.

The three letters following have been selected at random from a large number, and are typical of those received by the little girls during a period of three or four years.

7 March, 1897.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

Confidentially, between you and me, entre nous, sub rosa (likewise nix cum arous), I'm the most worthless and forgetful daddy you ever had. I get absorbed in my work, and forget to send your papers when they should be sent. And then when you fail to get them you sit and bite your fingers and say to yourself that you are forgotten; and then along comes one of the dear sisters—or two of them—and they see you looking doleful. Then this dialogue occurs:

Sr. M. L.—That child is not feeling well. I think she ought to have a pill.

Dr. B.—*A* pill, did you say? *Two*, at the very least. See how she droops. It's her liver. Two pills, *of course*.

Sr. Sacred Heart (at foot of stairway)—Did I hear you say "liver"? *Three* pills for the liver. Don't forget, *three*."

Chorus behind the scenes.

Oh, a doctor must be a cheerful giver—(treble)
One pill for a shake and two for a shiver—(alto)
And *three* for that *awful* thing the liver—(bass).

Consequently you must be feeling very much better. All your commissions shall be attended to—the new films, the development

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of the old ones, et cetery, and so forth. Right now I intend to do these academic chores the first thing in the morning. If I'm the same man I was, I shall probably forget it and then abuse myself for being such a heartless, cruel monster as to forget any errand that a young lady desires me to undertake—especially when that aforesaid young lady is so well and favorably known to me.

I declare, your mama is a perfect martyr—such adventures—such experiences—such waiting for trains—such awful spectacles of engines lying sprawling, their eyes knocked out and their boilers cold—such going without dinners and things. It would take a whole letter to relate them. But there were some streaks of sunshine amid the general gloom. She had seen you and she had seen the sisters, and she enjoyed every moment of her stay there. It was only when she started away that gloom began to gather. It was quite four o'clock when she arrived, and there was an expression in her face—well, I'm glad to say I wasn't a railway schedule. She says she had an "elegant time" at the convent, and she talks about it even when I want to go to sleep. Mama is enthusiastic, and I'm glad of it. When we lose enthusiasm, appreciation goes with it, and then two-thirds of the joy of living are taken away. Why, of course I received your report and appreciated the wonderful record you are making. But don't study so hard as to give you a distaste for your text-books. Health—my dear—health is the main thing at your age. Still, I like your reports; they are a great satisfaction to me, and if you can get such records and not overtax your mind, all right.

Your affectionate,

DADDY.

16 September, 1897.

MY DEAREST TOMMY:

As I was passing through the backyard yesterday afternoon, I heard considerable noise at the guinea-pig pen. I thought at first the young ones were squealing for something to eat, but when I crept nearer I found that the little white one was talking. At first I couldn't understand what he was saying, but after listening awhile I managed to catch some of the words, and presently I had no difficulty in understanding what was said. The young ones caught sight of me, and one of the brown ones started to run. "What do you want to run for?" said old "Whitey." "Why, pa, there's that old man watching us. What is he going to do?" "Just what he does every day. I'm not afraid of him." "Well, I am, pa—he looks so big and rough." "That's because he's a man, my daughter. I'm not so smooth myself." "Oh look at him, pa. What is he doing now?" cried another of the brown ones. "Taking a chew of tobacco, my son. I'd like to have some myself." Then the little white one began to talk, as if in answer to a question I didn't hear. "That great big girl that used to come here and kick up such racket? Well, I heard somebody say she'd gone off to school. Goodness knows. I hope she'll learn not to tickle my nose with a straw." "She never tickled my nose," said one of the little brown ones, "but I remember she flung an apple at our house and it nearly scared me to death." "Why she didn't throw the apple," explained the old white one, "it dropped from the tree." "Pa, what does 'dropped from the tree' mean?" asked the brown one. "Oh, don't ask such foolish questions; go to bed." exclaimed the old white one.

"That girl could throw," he went on, turning to his wife. "I believe you," said the old lady, "I saw her fling something they call a ball and it hit Rufus on the shin." "You shouldn't say shin, my dear, that is naughty. You should say 'chin,'" remarked the old man solemnly. "Much you know of *shins* and *chins*." snapped the old lady. "But, Ma," said the little white one, "Why did they call her *Tommy?*" "Well," replied old Mrs. Guinea-Pig, "that was because she could throw rocks and play ball better than the boys could." "I liked her well enough until she said one day that my eyes were red because I drink too much beer," remarked the old white one. "Well, I don't know but it's true," said the old lady. "You certainly do act mighty funny sometimes; I hate for our children to see you go on so. For my part, I'll be glad when the Tommy girl comes back. She won't be gone long. I remember that when J. C. forgot to give us something to eat, she used to come out and give us some herself." "That's so," said the old white one, "but I think she thought more of that brat on the other lot than she did of us." "That brat is her nephew," said the old lady. "Ma, what is a nephew?" asked little Whitey. "Oh some kind of a blood cousin," said the mother.

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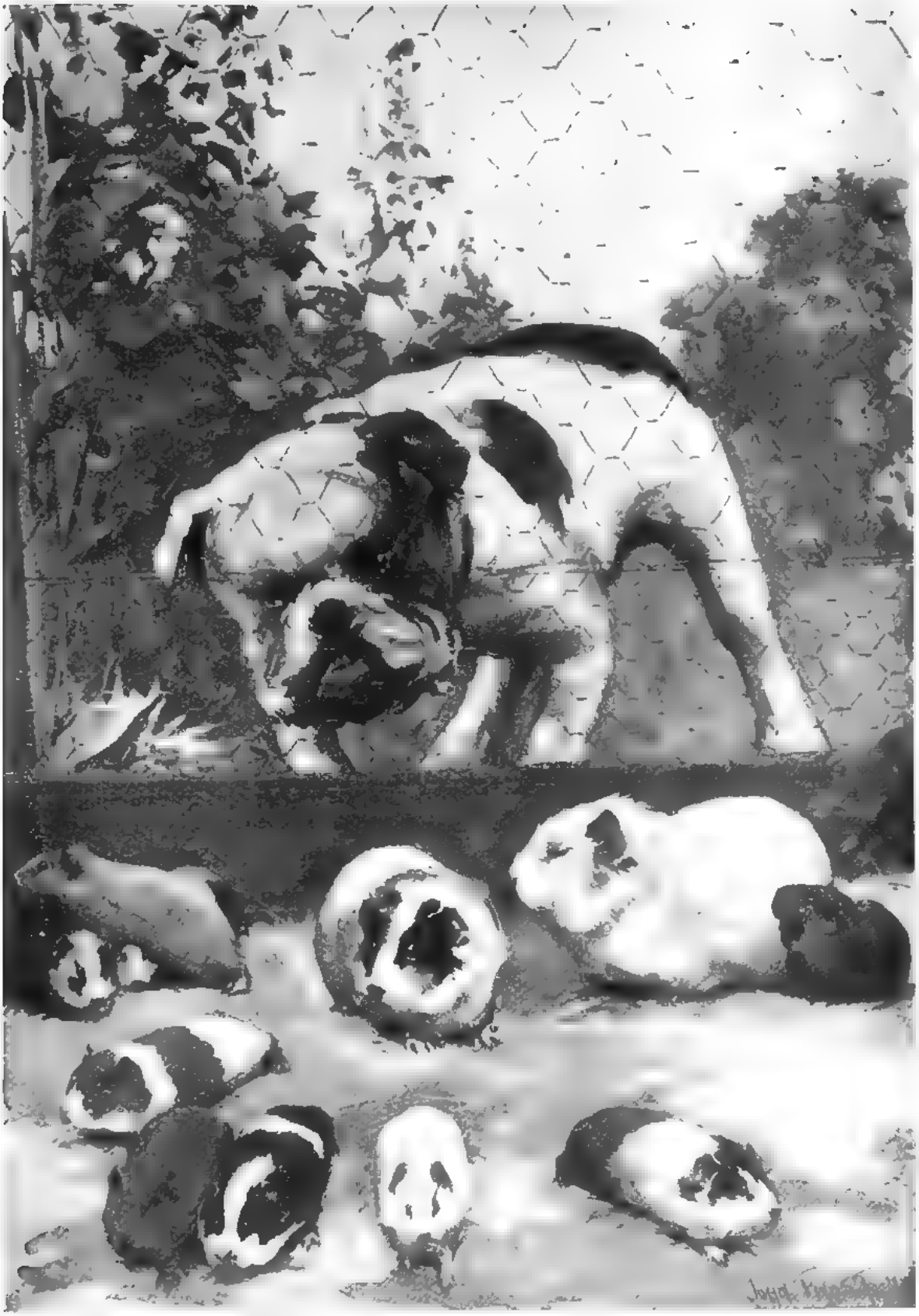

"THERE COMES THAT ABOMINABLE DOG THEY CALL HIM MUI DOON"

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"Watch," cried one of the little ones, "There comes that abominable dog. They call him Muldoon. He'll stick his nose against this pen once too often." "Oh, he's got a new collar" cried little Whitey. "Yes indeed," exclaimed the mother. "They think a great deal more of him than they do of us." "Well," said old Whitey, "his day will soon be over. There are some young chickens in the pen next door, three brown ones and a white one." "Oh, ma, look at the big old man laugh." cried one of the brown ones. "Make him go away." "Don't bother," said the old lady, "How can I do anything penned up in this place?" About that time, an apple fell in the box and the whole crowd disappeared like a flash.

Your affectionate,

DAD.

Saturday Evening,
19 November, 1898.

TO MILDRED AND LILLIAN:

I don't know, dear gals, how in the world I'm to finish this letter. Finisn it! I don't know how I'm to begin it. I've made an awful discovery—just simply awful. You couldn't guess it—no, not if—not if each of you was eight inches taller and weighed twenty pounds heavier; not if you were to guess until your tongues were tired and your heads aching with the same ache. It's just simply too terrible to think of; but I must tell it. Then listen, that fruit cake I wrote you of—it's old and wrinkled already, and no wonder—that fruit cake is a confirmed *toper*, a wretched inebriate, a habitual sot. I never would have found out if I were any less cunning than I am—if I were less shrewd than old man Talleyrand used to be. Mama says to me, says she, "Cephas, have you any whiskey?" At once I began to suspect something, but not a muscle betrayed my agitation. "Well," says I, "as likely as not there'll be a thimbleful or two in the bottle. But who's ill?" "Nobody, I just wanted some for cooking purposes," says she. "Aha" says I to myself. "I smell a rag burning somewhere," but not a quiver of an eyelid betrayed me. "Then we are to have mince pie for dinner, or the stuff you call Trifle?" says I. "If you have no whiskey, Cephas, say so, and I'll order it through the grocer" says she. "I'll bet you a quarter you want it for that fruit cake," says I, not dreaming that my suspicions were correct. "I do," says she. "It must be kept moist and soft, till Christmas, and the whiskey is the thing to keep it so." So the secret was out. Every week or two the fruit cake must have its dram, and it drinks so heartily you can almost hear it hiccough. It may happen that we'll have to send the cake to the Keeley Institute, the place where they reform poets and other geniuses. I says to mama, says I, "You needn't accuse anybody of nibbling at that cake if you find it broken. A tipsy cake can't walk any straighter than a drunken man, and if it gets up from that box it is sure to fall back and break." And mama says, says she, "Cephas, if you had married any other woman" ("Heaven forbid," says I) "you wouldn't go on with that kind of nonsense."

The Fruit Cake fumed at the young Mince Pie;
"My friend, I fear you're fresher than I."
Then he up'd and laughed, did young Mince Pie,
"With that, dear sir, I quite agree.
I'm young and warm, but then you see
I'd rather be 'fresh' than 'full,'" says he.
And then he bowed to the old F. C.
And the table groaned, and the crock*ree*
Cracked itself with laughter free
And the dishes joined in the Fruit Cake spree.

My goodness, if Sam Jones knew the habits of our fruit cake he'd make a prohibition speech on it. I know the sisters won't expose us, and I hope the girls won't tell. Sh—H—H, I hear somebody coming now. Keep right still—(no, "still" might remind one of the dram)—keep quiet, and pretend you're reading —don't laugh—Thank goodness! It was nobody but J. C. coming to tell us good-night. I feel right ticklish when I have a big secret like this. Essie's gone to bed too, she doesn't know a word about the condition of that cake.

Your affectionate,

DADDY.

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French Kids At Play

By *Poulbot*

"Four days' furlough, indeed! What for?"
"To spend them with my wife, Captain!"

(These clever sketches of the war-time games of the French children form a part of a series by Poulbot and are published in French in book form under the title "Des Gosses et des Bonhommes," by the author)

"Leave him alone. Since he won't fight with us, he shall be a Bolshevik!"

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"Is that a wounded Boche you've got there?"
"No, only the Major's horse!"

"Hello, rascals, playing at war?"
"How can we? No one wants to be the Boche!"

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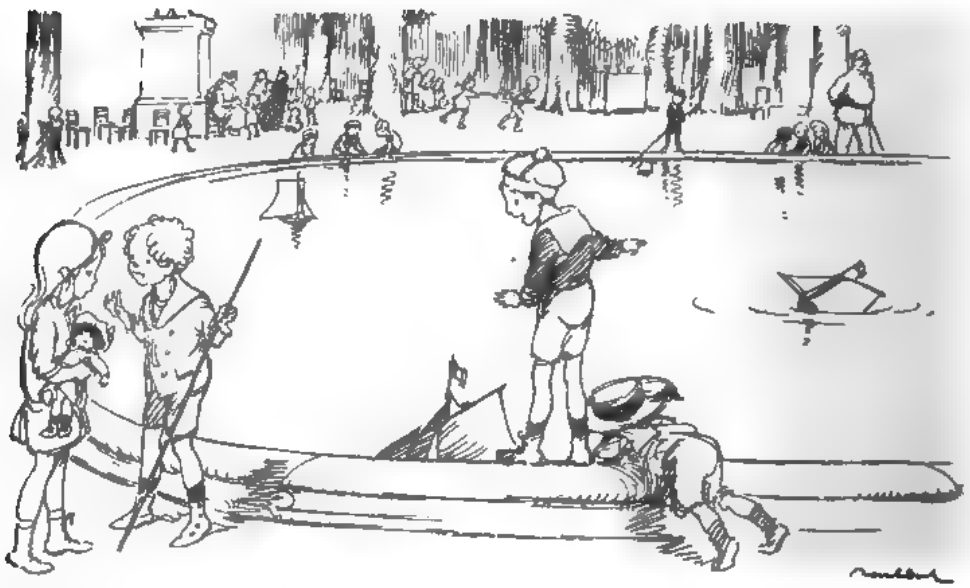
"There you are again in a fine mess!"
"But Mother, what can you expect? War is war, you know!"

"Never mind, even if we don't see Santa Claus, perhaps we'll see a Zeppelin!"



"Ya, Herr Tirpitz, now look at your boat!"

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First Aid for France and Italy

By Major Grayson M. P. Murphy

(Former Red Cross Commissioner for Europe)

WHEN we arrived early in June, the situation in France and all along the western front was an extraordinary one. France had been terribly worn by this war. From a population of somewhere around 38,000,000 she had lost in killed, seriously wounded and prisoners, about 3,500,000. If we lost in this country 10,000,000, it would be in about the same proportion. England in the last year of the war lost 800,000 in killed and wounded.

Upon our arrival, the great feeling all along the front was one of happiness that this great country of ours had come to take a part in the fight. They believe over there that America is capable of extraordinary deeds. They think we are a people who can carry out miracles of organization and effective work and with our entry into the war, the people felt victory had been assured.

During all the months that had passed since our declaration of war, there had been only one great agency that had been able to fill the gap and to carry to the people over there the knowledge that America not only was making promises, not only was preparing, but was actually accomplishing, and that was the American Red Cross.

From the eighteen men that went over in June, without organization, without equipment, even without officers, we have to-day an organization that is operating, and operating effectively, all the way from Sicily up the whole western front and into Great Britain.

> MAJOR MURPHY Says: . .
>
> "I never was more touched in my life than when one day I went into our greatest Paris warehouse. I saw piles and piles of boxes. They told me there were 20,000 boxes there. When I looked at those boxes and thought of what filled them, it was a very serious moment for me: To know that all over our country the women . . . were working at home, at night, on trains, in the theatres, at their different meetings, working, working, working to do what they could in this war to help care for those they loved was one of the most wonderful thoughts that I ever had in my life."

We have goods, that the splendid people of America have sent, stored in our warehouses behind the lines all the way from London through Belgium and all along the western front into Italy. We have the greatest motor transport organization that there is in the world to-day except those actually operated by the armies.

Behind our advance warehouses, we have our base warehouses and port warehouses and if you go through those great store places and see the goods that have been accumulated, you will wonder at the power that has been organized and centred in those countries to-day.

I never was more touched in my life than when one day I went into our greatest Paris warehouse. It was rather late in the afternoon and getting dark, and I came up on one of our floors, a great space that stretches out—it is a tremendous building—and I saw piles and piles of boxes, and I asked what was in them. And they told me they were chapter boxes. And I went up and examined them, and saw the names on the boxes—the chapters that had sent them. There were little towns from all over the country—New York, the Middle West, the West and the South. They told me that there were 20,000 boxes there and that there were over 100,000 more on the way from the chapters.

When I looked at those boxes and thought of what filled them, it was a very serious moment for me. To know that all over our country the women who are sending their boys and their husbands into that hell—and a

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great many of them will never come back—that those women were working at home, at night, on trains, in the theatres, in the afternoons, in the mornings, at their different meetings, working, working, working, to do what they could in this war to help care for those they loved and for those fighting for their country over there; and that they had consigned to our care all of the products of their labor for distribution and that they were depending on us to see that those for whom they worked were cared for—it was one of the most wonderful thoughts that I have ever had in my life.

If it had not been for the feeling of pride that came to me in the thought of the splendid support which that meant at home, I doubt very much whether I should have been able to carry on under the load of responsibility that had been placed on me. We are the active agency for the people of our country over there and the responsibility and opportunity that go with that position are very wonderful and very beautiful.

I think that the story of what we did in Italy may constitute the best example of the effectiveness of the work that we have done in influencing the actual progress of the war.

If there was ever a time in the history of the world when a country needed moral support and somebody to come up and stand beside it, that country was Italy after the German offensive last fall.

Now our nation was very considerably misunderstood in Italy at that time. A careful propaganda had been carried on which developed among the people the belief that America was not really interested in the war as far as Italy was concerned. We had not declared war on Austria. There were stories that we were afraid to be at war with both Germany and Austria. The idea had become current that America was suspicious of Italy—suspicious of her motives in the war and unwilling to help.

AMERICA'S HANDS TIED

There was no possible way for America to speak as a government at that time. Congress was not in session and a declaration of war on Austria was impossible. It was absolutely necessary that in some way the people should be made to feel that America was with them. Our State Department felt that; the Italian Government felt that. And there was only one agency that could speak and that was the American Red Cross.

We had no organization in Italy at the time. We took from our French organization a number of men and sent them down to break ground. We began to hit before we broke the ground. The first thing we did was to send telegrams immediately to every American consul in Italy to ask if they could use money; how much and what for. And we sent each consul all of the money that he asked for. We started forty-six freight carloads of necessary supples from our French storehouses and we started ambulances from France in charge of experienced ambulance drivers. We opened soup kitchens where we gave to the Italian refugees the first food and hot drinks that were served to them on their flight. We arranged for the transportation of refugees from the north in many different ways but in particular, as in Venice, we endeavored to arrange for their transportation with the implements of their trade so they would be self supporting when they reached their final destination. In Venice we sent down great numbers of lace workers, whole groups at a time, and sent with them all the material and appliances they needed for the manufacture of lace, so when those girls finally arrived at the place where they were to stay, they could start in working and support themselves.

We opened storehouses and warehouses immediately at the essential points and in these warehouses we began to accumulate and from those warehouses we began to distribute hospital supplies of all kinds and descriptions. The Surgical Dressings was represented in Italy and was doing effective though very small work. We sent for Mr. Willard who was in charge of the development of the organization and asked him what he could do in the way of surgical dressings. He said he thought he could produce 200,000 or 300,000 by January 1. We asked him if he could increase that, and he said he could if he might hire workmen. He said if he did this he could make possibly 700,000 or 800,000 by January 1. We asked if he could make a million. He replied in the affirmative. We told him to make 2,000,000 by January 1, and to go ahead and get them made—and I believe he did.

Now carrying on our work as in that case—we needed the surgical dressings, we needed them badly, for Italy had lost a great quantity of her hospital supplies in the retreat—we

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MAJOR GRAYSON M. P. MURPHY

Former Red Cross Commissioner for Europe, to whom is due the gratitude of all loyal Americans for the splendid efficient manner in which he directed the relief work of the American Red Cross among the allied nations of Eur

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have always striven in our work to combine with the production of the necessary material the giving of labor to people who have been affected by the war. And we employed in the manufacture of those surgical dressings, besides the refugees, the families of soldiers fighting at the front and who were in need, and the result by January 1 was not only did we have all the surgical dressings needed but we had employed and supported in a fine and self-respecting way a great many people afflicted by the war who would otherwise have been in want.

We opened hospitals where we could concentrate contagious diseases so we would be able to prevent the outbreak of any plague or epidemic among these poor people and as rapidly as the beds were filled we arranged for other beds; so the contagious disease situation in the districts where we were operating never got out of our hands.

We sent representatives with 500,000 lire in small bank notes to travel all around Italy, from one end to the other, from the north to Sicily, with instructions to use that money as they found the necessity for it, and to advise us when they needed additional funds. And we further arranged to have them make a complete report on all of the conditions and organizations personally that they encountered, so when the permanent Italian Commission arrived we might be able to give them the best combined judgment of three of the ablest men in the world in that particular kind of work.

A ROYAL WELCOME

We started to accumulate motor ambulances. Our first went to the Piave front four days after we declared war on Austria. They went from Milan through streets that were covered with American flags and allied flags. They were cheered by great crowds as they passed. The ceremony of taking them over was witnessed by representatives of the British, French and Italian armies and representatives of the Italian Government and our own State Department. And the word spread of this wonderful thing that America had done four days after the declaration of war—to have men in khaki moving off to the front.

The work was so great that the Italian Prime Minister when he made his speech to the Italian House of Deputies announcing America's entry into the war said the vigor and effectiveness with which the American Red Cross had acted in this situation could be taken as an earnest of what might be expected from our country now that we had entered the war.

I could go on for many pages and tell you about our work in France and about the wonderful work we are doing there with children. Our Children's Department is laying its plans to visit every new born child in France. We are now actually treating through our own organization, and through organizations which we are supporting, 50,000 children in France.

In coöperation with the French Government, which has borne the major part of the expense, we have opened a series of canteens where the soldiers on their way to and from the front trenches are given comfortable quarters where they can eat and sit about and sleep—great barracks with lumbermen's bunks in them. They are equipped with shower baths and while they are bathing their clothes are put through a process and the vermin killed. The soldiers are well fed and amusement provided for them, and they go back to their homes in a different state of mind from which they left the trenches, and they are sent back to the trenches in the same way.

I am not talking now about hot drinks and that sort of thing. We serve an enormous quantity of actual meals. We are giving or selling actual meals at these canteens to about one million French soldiers every month. A meal costs 75 centimes which is about one half of what it costs us. It consists of soup, meat, vegetables, salad, cheese and bread and some hot drink; coffee, tea or cocoa. When these fellows arrived at our canteens at first they were so delighted with them that they actually would not go to bed in the bunks at all. They sat around and talked and sang all night, they were so happy.

I am prouder of the part that I have been permitted to play in the work of the Red Cross than I am of any other thing that I ever did in my life or all other things put together. I am prouder of it and I will be prouder of it I know than of anything else that will ever be given me to do in this life.

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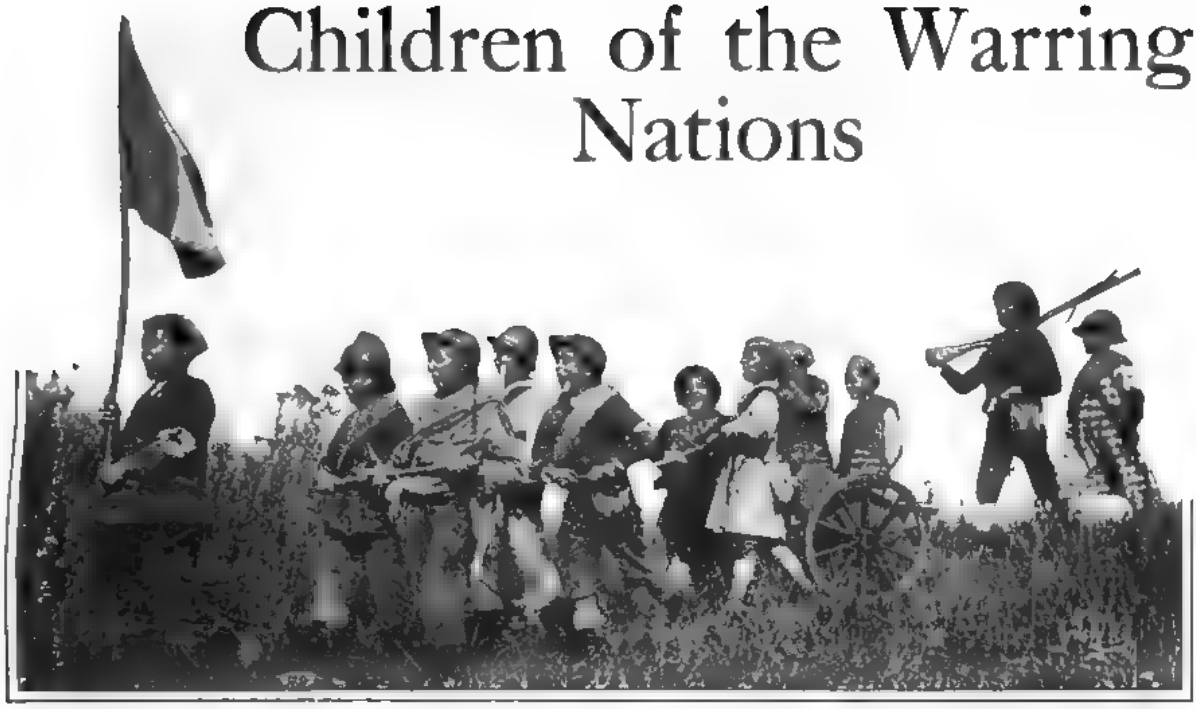
Children of the Warring Nations



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"ALLONS, ENFANTS DE LA PATRIE"
The Spirit of the Marseillaise sculptured in living marble

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GOING TO SCHOOL IN RHEIMS
Even the tiniest of tots in the towns of northern France carry gas masks always at their sides, ready to don at a moment's notice when the Hun commences a gas attack

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Photograph by the American Painter, Harry B Lachman

PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

Through the efforts of the American Red Cross the children of France were supplied with toys and games at Christmas time

Photograph by the American Painter, Harry B Lachman

CLUTCHING THEIR TREASURES

After more than two years of misery the children could scarcely realize that the toys were meant for them and clung to the toys as though their lives depended upon them

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IN CELLAR COOL

In Rheims and several other beleaguered French cities, the schools are conducted entirely under ground in great cellars, and a great deal of the business of the administration of the city is similarly transacted below ground In London a new use for the subways has been found during air raids

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Photograph from Paul Thompson

A CAPTURED MASCOT

A sturdy Russian youngster—mascot of a regiment—captured by the Germans His lot as a prisoner of war will be a particularly hard one, as Germany's treatment of her prisoners is notorious

Photograph from International Film Service

SAFETY FIRST FROM AIR RAIDS

A great number of casualties among children have been the direct result of air raids on London Now, when the alarm is sounded, children hurry into cellars or, if time does not permit, drop to the floor to avoid flying splinters

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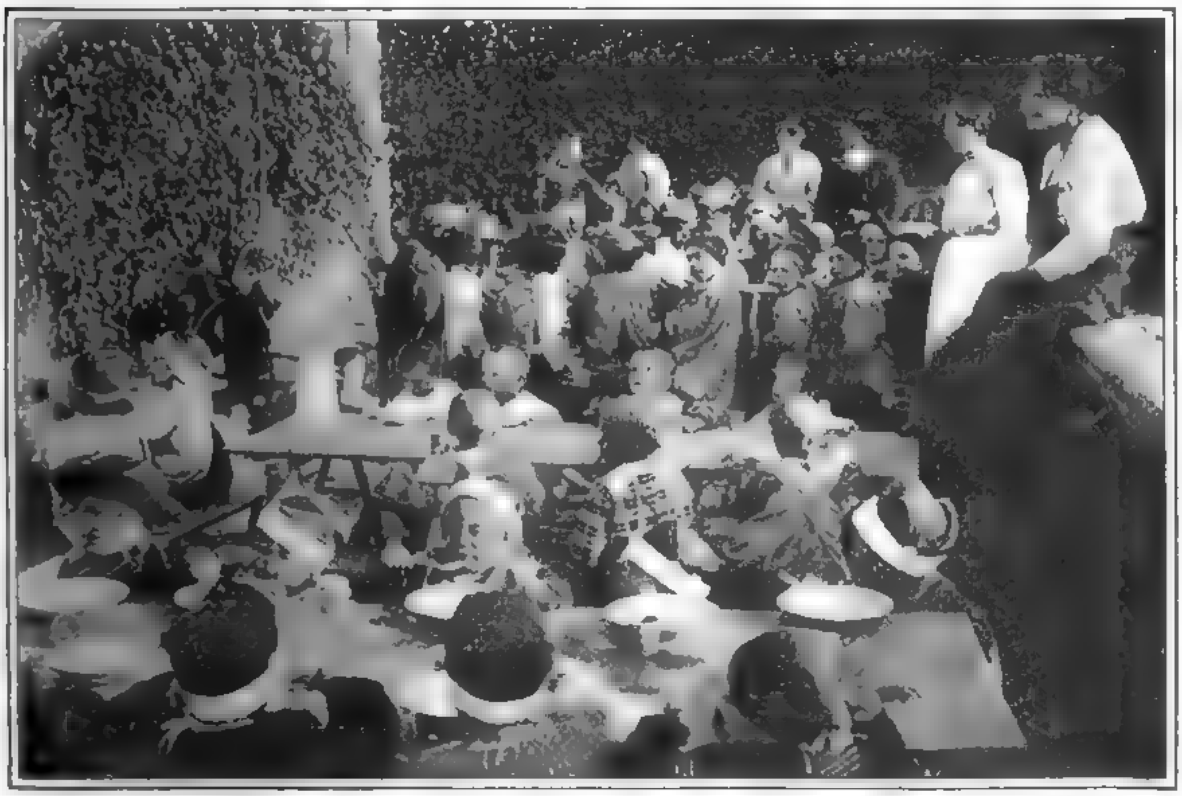
A DISPENSARY BEHIND THE LINES

Where the Red Cross administers medical treatment to the children of the war zones who have been injured by bursting shells or in some other manner



Photograph from Press Illustrating Co.

WAR ORPHANS

The American Red Cross has been doing yeoman service in France in taking care of the children It has establish depots where repatriated children from the conquered provinces are being cared for and maintains several hospitals tubercular children

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ACTION FRONT!

Where are the games of yester year? Gone are "Blindman's Buff," "Tag," "Ring Around a Rosy," all have vanished save possibly "Prisoner's Base." Youth to-day is made of sterner stuff and his playthings are modelled upon the all-absorbing war

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IN THE January number we published a simple little play for very small children which met with great success. Here is a more elaborate play for older children, which we think especially suited for reproduction in the schools by the junior members of the Red Cross. The masque has been set to music, by the music department of Vassar College, and the score may be obtained by writing to Professor George E. Gow, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—THE EDITORS.

The Opposite End of the World

A Masque of the Junior Red Cross

By Alice Wangenheim

CHARACTERS.

The Children of the Garden
The War Children
Mother Goose
Little Jack Horner
Jack the Giant Killer
Old King Cole
Curly-Locks
Little Polly Flinders
} The Mother Goose People

Prince Charming
Snow-White and Rose-Red
Cinderella
Hansel and Gretel
Red Riding Hood
Rumpelstiltskin
Aladdin
Sinbad the Sailor
} The Fairy Tale People

The Children of the Crusades
The Happiness of Home
The Day Dreams of Childhood
The Children of the Red Cross

(Scene: A garden-like glade in the woods. Sunshine lies on the thick grass, but the trees which surround the clearing at back, left and right are tall and dense, and there is only shadow within their boundaries. A tiny stream may be seen at the right.

Enter the CHILDREN OF THE GARDEN—*at least eight or ten [and more if possible]. They wear straight, starchy frocks and suits of white or light colors, with patent leather belts; many wear socks. They come skipping and dancing in. Some carry picture-books; several others together have a gay-coloured rug.)*

A LITTLE BOY: Come on! I'll race you to that tree!
SEVERAL OTHER CHILDREN: No—let's stop here—the books are so heavy!
A CHILD: What a pretty place! Have we been here before?
ANOTHER: Of course, stupid! Just the other day—don't you remember? At least it was right around here.

(Several have thrown down their picture-books. The children carrying the rug spread it carelessly on the ground; all throw themselves down on it. Several lie flat on the grass with legs in the air, idly turning the leaves of one of the larger books.)

A GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD: Let's make up stories!
ANOTHER CHILD: Listen to him! All he wants to do is to make up stories! I'd rather—I say! Look at the beetle!

(Several of the children gather around the beetle. They prod him with a stick.)

A CHILD: He looks like the Frog who would a-wooing go all dressed up in his green cape!
ANOTHER: Let's put him on a leaf and send him for a ride!
SEVERAL: All right! Let's!

(They put their heads together and blow. The leaf goes up in the air a little way and falls to earth.)

A CHILD: Oh! he fell off! Do you s'pose it hurt him?
A LITTLE BOY: Pshaw! It never hurts to fall through the air. Why it wouldn't even hurt if you fell off from *ever* so high up!

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A CHILD (*doubtfully*): How do you know——? It would, too!

THE LITTLE BOY: Well, do you suppose the Princess would have gone off on the magic carpet if she'd been afraid of falling off and hurting herself?

THE GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD: I wish we had the magic carpet! Then *we* could go up!

ANOTHER CHILD: Oh you're always wishing! What's the good—all we've got's the old nursery rug we always have to take along!

ANOTHER CHILD: We could pretend *it* was the magic carpet!

SEVERAL OTHERS: Let's!—Maybe it is, and we never knew it!

(*They all pile on to the rug, and twine their arms about each other.*)

A CHILD: Somebody has to wish!

ANOTHER: Where'll we go?

ANOTHER: Shut your eyes tight!

(*A pause.*)

THE GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD (*solemnly*): We want to go to the opposite end of the world from here!

(*The children sit for perhaps a minute without moving, huddled together on the rug. Their eyes are tightly shut—some hold their hands over them. There is no sound.*

Suddenly the silence is broken by a distant irregular booming, as of guns. This sound continues very distantly at intervals throughout the ensuing scenes, until the entrance of THE HAPPINESS OF HOME.)

A CHILD: What's that?

ANOTHER: I don't know! How funny I feel—do you?

ANOTHER (*with just the suggestion of tears in her voice*): Y-e-es. Do let's go home!

ANOTHER CHILD: Look!

(*Through the trees and along their edge—to back and left— there moves a sad procession. First a woman in ragged garments, stooping under the weight of a heavy burden of household goods leads a little child by the hand. The child, too, is ragged and burdened and tragic-faced. Neither look to the right or left. Then more and more such women and children follow—and many children alone—in a dreary, straggling line. At least one of the women is old and tottering.*

The GARDEN CHILDREN *have forgotten their fears and sit up on their heels in astonishment.*)

A GARDEN CHILD (*amazedly*): Look at the children!

SEVERAL (*calling*): Children! Children!

(*Some of the* WAR CHILDREN *look up, stare in a frightened way, and stop short. During the conversation ensuing a number of them leave the procession and stand in a huddled group looking at the* GARDEN CHILDREN, *others go on without looking up. The procession disappears into the trees back.*)

A GARDEN CHILD: Who are you?

A WAR CHILD: Who are *you?*

A GARDEN CHILD: Why we—we are the children, of course! The children who live in the garden. Peggy and Mollie and Jack——

ANOTHER WAR CHILD: We are children, too. But we haven't all got names.

A GARDEN CHILD: No names?

A WAR CHILD: Maybe we had them once. But we've forgotten——!

A GARDEN CHILD: Don't your mothers tell you?

A WAR CHILD: Lots of us have no mothers.

A GARDEN CHILD: No mothers! Why where do you live?

A WAR CHILD: We don't live any place now. We have to go away from the war. We have always had to go away from the war—as long as we can remember——

A GARDEN CHILD: And where do you go?

A WAR CHILD: Anywhere. Away from the war. It doesn't matter.

A GARDEN CHILD: Is *that* what war is?

THE WAR CHILDREN (*murmuring together*): They don't know about war!

A WAR CHILD: How can you keep from knowing about war? Where do you live?

A GARDEN CHILD: Why at home of course—and in the garden.

A WAR CHILD: What's a garden?

A GARDEN CHILD: Don't you know what a garden is? Why it's like—it's like—this! Only it isn't, exactly, either!

A WAR CHILD: Why these are just woods!—and it hurts to walk over the pine cones!

ANOTHER WAR CHILD (*drearily*): Come. We must go on now.

THE GARDEN CHILDREN: No—stay! We want to help you!

A WAR CHILD: Help us? How?

A GARDEN CHILD (*brightly*): Show you our picture-books!

A WAR CHILD: What are picture-books—will they help?

THE GARDEN CHILDREN: Of course! They're fun! Come on over here!

(*The* WAR CHILDREN *come, slowly and timidly. But they still hold a little aloof from the other children and they do not sit down.*)

A GARDEN CHILD: You'd love the Mother Goose people!

(*A pause. From the woods comes the sound of a pipe, playing an eerie, fairy-like tune. It comes*

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nearer. Enter MOTHER GOOSE, *in the conventional costume. She peeps out of the trees left.*)

MOTHER GOOSE: Ah here they are—the dears!
(*She beckons into the wood, calling:*)
Come when you're called
Do what you're bid.
Shut the door after you—
Never be chid!

(*The notes of the pipe grow louder. Enter* TOM, THE PIPER'S SON, *mincing along in a ridiculously exaggerated manner as he pipes.*)

THE GARDEN CHILDREN (*clapping their hands*):
"Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,"

(*Enter* OLD KING COLE, *in his regal robes; then one after another the other characters of Mother Goose. As each appears the* GARDEN CHILDREN, *in great excitement, shout the accompanying Mother Goose verse, and are in turn given low bows as the characters prance across the stage. But the* WAR CHILDREN *look on without enthusiasm.*

A WAR CHILD (*to* JACK THE GIANT KILLER): Do you kill *real* giants—the kind we know—with your big bright sword?
JACK: No, I have enough to take care of with make-believe giants!
ANOTHER WAR CHILD (*stepping forward and addressing* OLD KING COLE): If you're a real king why aren't you doing something to help your people?
OLD KING COLE: Ha, ha! Hear the lad. 'Do some thing,' indeed! Ha, ha!

(*The child steps back dejectedly.*)

ANOTHER WAR CHILD (*addressing* CURLY-LOCKS): Are you making something that we can wear?
CURLY-LOCKS (*scornfully*): No indeed. This is my fine seam I'm sewing on!
THE WAR CHILD: Oh! (*She pulls her thin, tattered dress together in front.*)
ANOTHER WAR CHILD (*to* LITTLE JACK HORNER): Please sir, could I have half your plum? I'm *so* hungry!
LITTLE JACK HORNER: Half my plum! My goodness no—I pulled this plum out myself—and it isn't real anyhow!

(*Exeunt the Mother Goose people, looking insulted.*)

A GARDEN CHILD (*hastily*): Fairy stories are really nicer, anyway!

(*There is a blast of trumpets and* PRINCE CHARMING *appears on a coal-black charger; then the other fairy-tale characters.* (CINDERELLA *is preceded by heralds;* ALADDIN *by eunuchs with peacock feather fans.*) *The* WAR CHILDREN *shrink back, quite untouched by all the splendor).*

A GARDEN CHILD: Oh, *wasn't* Cinderella pretty?
A WAR CHILD (*slowly*): Pretty? What good is being pretty!
A GARDEN CHILD (*doubtfully*): Why lots and lots of good—isn't it?
THE GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD (*dreamily, to the other children*): Do you remember the story Mother read us in the history book about the children who really lived, a long, long time ago, and who went far away from their homes carrying the cross to the bad people who lived in the Holy Land? I liked that the best of all (*to the* WAR CHILDREN) I think you'd like it too—*they* were real, like us!

(*A sound of children's voices singing a hymn is heard. It comes nearer and nearer through the trees, right. At last enter* THE CHILDREN OF THE CRUSADES, *at least twenty-five in number headed by their leader,* STEPHEN OF CLOYES. *They wear pilgrim robes, and upon every breast is seen the blood red cross of the Crusaders. Some carry three-pointed banners in brilliant colors, emblazoned with arms, or with the cross. They move slowly across the stage as far back as possible; their faces are sweet and rapt; all are singing.*)

THE CHILDREN OF THE CRUSADES (*singing*):
Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes our gladdened heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the sparkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.
(*They pass into the trees, left. The* GARDEN CHILDREN *sing the first verse after them, very softly.*)

A WAR CHILD (*dreamily, looking after the* CHILDREN OF THE CRUSADES): *They* had a leader. *They* knew where they were going!
A GARDEN CHILD (*raptly*): Are you still sad? Come sing with us!
A WAR CHILD: We don't know how to sing.
SEVERAL GARDEN CHILDREN: Not know how to sing! Oh, you poor children!

(*The* GARDEN CHILDREN *jump up impulsively, go over to where the* WAR CHILDREN *are, and put their arms around them.*)

A GARDEN CHILD: Why we haven't really *helped* them after all!
ANOTHER: *I* know. Let's take them home.

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ANOTHER: We can't. The rug's too small! . . .
ANOTHER: Look! There's Mother!

(*Through the trees, left, a tall figure has entered. Her arms are outstretched; she wears a light gray misty robe, very simple and very beautiful. She is* THE HAPPINESS OF HOME.)

ANOTHER: That's not Mother, stupid—it's one of the angels in the church window!
ANOTHER: No, it isn't either. She's not so bright and she has no wings. *I* think it's Mother.
ANOTHER: My mother looks like that, too!
OTHER CHILDREN: So does mine!

(*The two groups of children gradually separate again, the* WAR CHILDREN *remaining rather close together at edge of trees at the right until the end.*)

THE HAPPINESS OF HOME (*to the* GARDEN CHILDREN): Not quite Mother, my children—but you know me just as well. I am The Happiness of Home!

(*The* GARDEN CHILDREN *run to her. She folds them in her arms.*)

A WAR CHILD (*to the* GARDEN CHILDREN): Who is that? Is *she* make-believe?
THE HAPPINESS OF HOME (*sadly*): They don't know me!
A GARDEN CHILD: Why *we've* always known you. Haven't they *ever?*
THE HAPPINESS OF HOME: I'm afraid not!

(*She takes a few steps toward the* WAR CHILDREN. *They shrink away a trifle.*)

A GARDEN CHILD: Why, they're even afraid of you.
ANOTHER: They wouldn't be if they knew you the way we do! We will bring them to you!

(*The* GARDEN CHILDREN *leave* THE HAPPINESS OF HOME *and go over to the* WAR CHILDREN, *take their hands and try in vain to draw them to their feet.*)

A GARDEN CHILD: Come! You mustn't be afraid of *her*. She wants to help you!
A WAR CHILD (*sadly*): You said all the fairy characters were going to help us, and they were only make-believe and didn't help us at all. And I'm so tired!
ANOTHER: And I'm so cold!
ANOTHER: I'm ugly and dirty—she wouldn't like me!

(*The* GARDEN CHILDREN *go sadly back to* THE HAPPINESS OF HOME.)

A GARDEN CHILD (*tearfully*): They won't come! What can we do?
THE HAPPINESS OF HOME: And you still want to help them?
THE GARDEN CHILDREN: Oh we do! We do!
THE HAPPINESS OF HOME: There's one thing you forgot when you tried to share your happiness with them just now. For you are happiest of all in your garden, when you lie back and look up at the tree-tops dancing against the sky—or watch the little insects way down among the grass stems. It is there that day-dreams of childhood are born. If they will come to you perhaps they will help you—but they will not always come!
A GARDEN CHILD: How can we call them?
THE HAPPINESS OF HOME: You must be very still. *That* is the way to make them hear you!

(*A pause. Enter the* DAY-DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD, *from the long grass at the base of the trees, and from behind the tree-trunks. There are ten or fifteen of them, in filmy robes of sky-blue and moss-green, girdled and scarved with sunny strands of diaphanous gold. They bear bubble balloons of every color which they toss back and forth as they dance.*)

A GARDEN CHILD: Are these they?
THE HAPPINESS OF HOME: Yes. You must make them grant you a wish!
A GARDEN CHILD: How can we?
THE HAPPINESS OF HOME: First you must make them stop dancing!

(*The* DAY-DREAMS *are now dancing about the* GARDEN CHILDREN *slowly and gracefully, holding out their arms to them and begging them to join. A soft fairy dance music plays somewhere in among the trees. In spite of themselves the children begin to scramble to their feet to join the dance.*)

THE HAPPINESS OF HOME (*warningly*): Remember the others! (*The children stop short.*)
THE GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD (*going up to the* WAR CHILDREN): Come! Will you dance too?
A WAR CHILD: *We* can't dance.
ANOTHER. And I am much too cold to get up!
ANOTHER: My foot hurts so!
THE GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD: Then we will not dance until you dance with us!

(*The dance music stops abruptly, but in the distance a new melody, with an almost triumphant ring in it, is faintly to be heard. The* DAY-DREAMS *stop their dance at once in bewilderment, and all, holding one another's hands, come forward toward the children.*)

THE HAPPINESS OF HOME: See! You have broken the spell of the fairy music! Now is the time to wish. Be quick!
THE GOLDEN-HAIRED GARDEN CHILD (*stepping forward from among the* WAR CHILDREN): Show us how to help these children to be happy, too!

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(*The note of solemnity in the still distant music deepens. The* DAY-DREAMS *form a fan-shaped aisle, leading into the trees, left, the two nearest the trees holding the low branches back for the entrance of the* RED CROSS CHILDREN.

Enter the CHILDREN OF THE RED CROSS—*about as many as there are* WAR CHILDREN. *They wear simple costumes of white, but their brows and hair are bound with white ribbons bearing the Red Cross. One carries a silken banner, with the Red Cross upon it. Their arms are full—one can see cushions, cloaks, warm clothing of various sorts, food, medicines, etc. The last even carries books and toys. They go straight to the* WAR CHILDREN.)

THE GARDEN CHILDREN: Look!

A GARDEN CHILD: *They* have things in their hands!

(*They watch, rising to their knees and filled with interest and enthusiasm.*

The RED CROSS CHILDREN *put their arms around the* WAR CHILDREN, *comforting them. They slip off the ragged cloaks and put warm clothing upon them. They give them bread and fruit and cakes to eat, and some run to the stream for water and wash the hurt feet, binding them up tenderly and deftly.*)

A RED CROSS CHILD: Come! Do you feel better?

ANOTHER: Here is more bread!

ANOTHER: Has it stopped hurting?

ANOTHER: Come and lean on this pillow—I will help you walk. The Happiness of Home is waiting for you, and after you know her you will not be unhappy any more!

(*She supports the child against her shoulder, and holds the cloak firmly about him. The other* RED CROSS CHILDREN *are leading the rest of the children—they go across the stage to* THE HAPPINESS OF HOME, *where she stands with the* GARDEN CHILDREN *about her. She kisses the* WAR CHILDREN *one by one, and they cling to her lovingly.*)

THE HAPPINESS OF HOME: And now, children, you can all dance together!

(*The music becomes merry. All, save the* RED CROSS CHILDREN *and a few of the* WAR CHILDREN, *join in the dance, and chase and toss the bubbles with the* DAY-DREAMS *and crowd around* THE HAPPINESS OF HOME, *who holds the Red Cross Banner in their midst.*

Suddenly the booming of the distant guns [which have been silent since the entrance of THE HAPPINESS OF HOME] *is heard again. The* DAY-DREAMS *scatter into the trees. The music ceases. The children stop, astounded.*)

A GARDEN CHILD (*to* THE HAPPINESS OF HOME): Why where have they gone?

THE HAPPINESS OF HOME: They are not used to war yet. But they are never far away—they will come back!

A WAR CHILD (*dazed*): War!

ANOTHER: I had almost forgotten.

ANOTHER: War is still here!

ANOTHER (*arousing himself*): And there are all our brothers and sisters! (*To the* RED CROSS CHILDREN.) Come! We must lead you to them!

(*Hand in hand with the* RED CROSS CHILDREN *they start moving in the direction that the procession of fugitives in the very beginning has taken.*)

A WAR CHILD (*to the* GARDEN CHILDREN): And will *you* help make our brothers and sisters glad, too? There are so many of them!

THE GARDEN CHILDREN: We will! We will! Goodbye!

THE HAPPINESS OF HOME (*to the* WAR CHILDREN): I am coming!

THE WAR CHILDREN (*as they enter the trees, to the* GARDEN CHILDREN): Goodbye!

(*Exit the* WAR CHILDREN *and the* RED CROSS *children.*)

THE HAPPINESS OF HOME: Your task is no small one. There are brothers and sisters of these children all over the world, waiting for you to come to them with happiness. Now I am going where they have gone, for where loving help is, there my kiss must follow. But don't forget!

(*Exit* THE HAPPINESS OF HOME *in the direction the others have taken.*)

SEVERAL CHILDREN: Let us start and find them.

A CHILD: Shall we go the way they went?

ANOTHER: Hurry! There are so many.

ANOTHER (*in dismay*): But we can't help with nothing in our hands!

(*The children stop in perturbation.*

Re-enter the DAY-DREAMS. *The two foremost carry between them a Red Cross flag such as the* CHILDREN OF THE RED CROSS *bore, and present it to the children.*)

THE TALLEST DAY-DREAM: No! You cannot help with empty hands. But they will not be empty, for you will have this—the flag of the Children's Red Cross. It is yours now—the finest thing of all to help with!

(*The children take the flag reverently.*)

A CHILD: Why it is just like the flag the White Children had!

ANOTHER: It is like the flag that the singing children wore, too.

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THE TALLEST DAY-DREAM: Yes. It is a flag that links all the children together. And when you carry it, it shall be a sign of help and happiness. And now quick! Back to your rug! You must take it home and tell the other children of the gardens about it!

(*The children sit down on the rug again. The* GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD *bears the flag, which floats out above them.*)

A GARDEN CHILD. Oh can't you come back with us?

THE TALLEST DAY-DREAM: No, we cannot go back with you but we will be with you always, even though you don't see us!

A GARDEN CHILD: Then goodbye. Tell those sad little brothers and sisters that we are coming back to help them!

THE DAY-DREAMS: Goodbye—Goodbye!

(*They slowly disappear into the trees and are lost to sight.*)

A GARDEN CHILD: And now we are going back to the garden!

(*The children cover their eyes again. The distant booming has ceased, and the stage is very still as at first.*

Then out from the trees run a score of other GARDEN CHILDREN—*gayly dressed, some carrying toys and books.*)

THE NEW CHILDREN: Oh *here* you are.
How glad you look!
What have you been doing?

(*They stop suddenly at sight of the flag.*)

What is that?

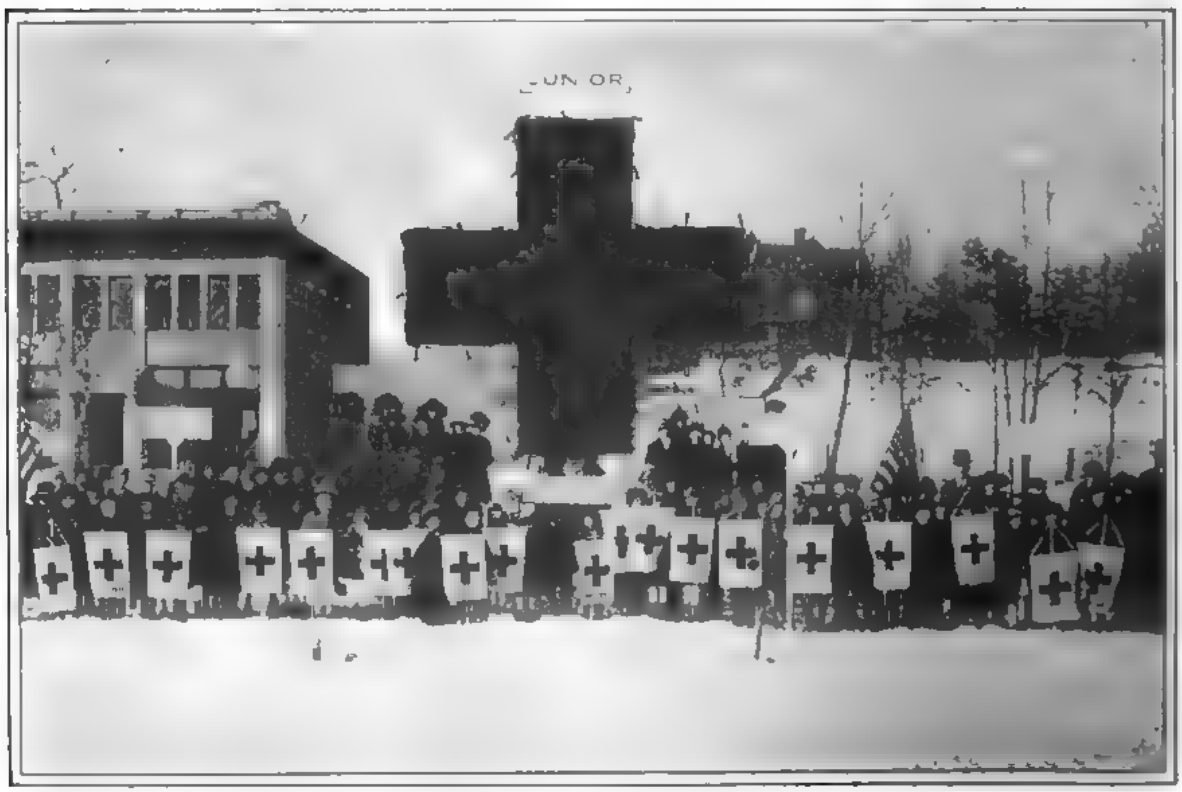
THE GOLDEN-HAIRED CHILD: Come! There is work for all the children to do, and you must help us. It is the flag of the Children's Red Cross. And now we must tell the others.

(*The* NEW CHILDREN *gather around, making a sort of column with the flag at its head, and make their way into the trees, right. But as they turn to go, the* GOLDEN-HAIRED GARDEN CHILD *detaches himself and comes forward to the audience.*)

THE GOLDEN-HAIRED GARDEN CHILD: And will you also help us to find all the other children and give them the flag, too?

(*Exit with the others.*)

CURTAIN



A Full Junior Red Cross Quota for Ridgewood, N. J.

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Knights of Health

A Successful Plan for Enrolling the Youngsters in a Modern Health Crusade to Teach Them the First Rules of Hygiene

By Walter A. Dyer

THE Children's Crusade of the Middle Ages has been celebrated in song and story, but it is doubtful whether it accomplished very much. Throughout the United States half a million children are at present enrolled in an enterprise which bids fair to achieve vastly more important ends. It is a crusade against dirt and disease. Half a million children between the ages of five and sixteen are enrolled under a banner bearing a Crusader's cross, and have pledged themselves to undertake a round of hygienic duties for one year and to do what they can to improve the health conditions of their homes and communities.

> It's never too soon to learn the rules of hygiene, and the earlier the children are taught habits which lead to health the better. Here is a plan whereby a course of training is made to seem like play, and is eagerly followed out by the children.

The Peter-the-Hermit of this Modern Health Crusade is Mr. Charles M. De Forest, field secretary of the National Tuberculosis Association and national sales manager of the Red Cross seals. It is an outgrowth of the annual campaign for the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals, at one cent each, which has netted an income of nearly $6,000,000 since the first Red Cross seal was issued in 1908.

At first an organization was established in which a boy or girl could win membership by disposing of a certain number of the Christmas seals. But the time of the selling campaign was limited to December, and many children expressed a desire to join the organization after it was too late. Mr. De Forest thought these children ought also to be given a chance to win membership by performing other useful duties at other times during the year, and so he developed the idea of the health pledge and the health chores.

Health chores had already been established in the De Forest household, and their success there suggested an expansion of the idea. Walter De Forest, a seven-year-old schoolboy of Yonkers, N. Y., was the first Health Chore Crusader.

"I was impressed," the father told me, "with Walter's disadvantages in our apartment home, in not having the wood to bring in, the chickens to feed, and the old nag to curry, which fell to my lot when a boy. There is health and mental discipline in regular duties of this sort. So we invented the eight chores now listed on the Crusader's card to supply the lack, and they have succeeded wonderfully.

"In addition to these eight chores we have in our home some additional duties which might be called time chores or concentration chores. I can still hear my father say, 'Charles, don't loiter,' when I was dreaming between the woodshed and that big box by the kitchen stove. To teach Walter to 'do one thing at a time' and stick to it till done, his mother and I made it a chore for him to

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TOOTH BRUSH DRILL

The elementary rules of hygiene are among the first lessons a child must learn in order to become a Health Crusader

get dressed in ten minutes and undressed in seven minutes. Son took to this readily. 'Father, time me,' is a common request in our household."

It sounds a bit dull, I grant you, but when you consider that the health chores are all duties that every child should perform anyway, and that the chore plan merely invests the duties with the spirit of a game, an adventure, you can understand better the secret of its success. It is merely an application of the Montessori theory of education—injecting the play spirit into all juvenile industry. And there is something about the idea of a militant crusade that "gets" the children, too.

"Perhaps I ought to add," continued Mr. De Forest, "that Walter's interest in the chores is accentuated by making his chore record the basis of his allowance of spending money. Walter now has a total of twelve daily chores, including picking up all his toys and building materials before bedtime. When he does them all in one day he is credited with two cents, and if his record is perfect for a week he gets twenty-five cents. If he does less than nine chores a day he gets nothing; nine to eleven chores are recognized by a penny. To teach thrift, we have an understanding, fully approved by Walter, that three quarters of his earnings shall go into U. S. War Savings Stamps as a fund to help him through college, while only one quarter shall be spent for toys and pure candy."

THE HEALTH CHART

The plan which worked with Walter De Forest, it was thought, ought to work with other children, so the health chores were standardized and were made the basis for membership in the Modern Health Crusade. Record sheets were issued on request, to be filled out by the children seeking membership and to be signed by them and their parents. Each sheet has a space for each of eight chores for every day during six weeks. A cross placed in the proper square means a confirmation of the following printed statements:

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WATER NATURE'S MEDICINE

Children should be taught to drink a glass of water regularly several times each day between meals

1. I washed my hands before each meal to-day.
2. I drank a glass of water before each meal and before going to bed to-day.
3. I brushed my teeth in the morning and in the evening to-day.
4. I took ten or more slow, deep breaths of fresh air to-day.
5. I played outdoors or with windows open more than thirty minutes to-day.
6. I was in bed ten hours or more last night and kept my window open.
7. I tried to-day to sit up and stand up straight, to eat slowly, and to attend to toilet and each need of my body at its regular time.
8. I took a full bath on each day of the week that is checked.

Forty check marks or more in one week entitle the applicant to the privilege of enrolment as a Modern Health Crusader with the rank of page. Fifty check marks constitute a perfect score, and additional credits can be obtained by taking more than one full bath a week. Philip Ralph, a California ranch boy who recently qualified as a Crusader, failed to score enough daily chores, but by taking five baths in one week tallied the necessary forty points.

The applicant who qualifies by selling the requisite number of Red Cross seals in December, or by doing the requisite number of health chores may become a Health Crusader by signing an agreement (1) to keep the Health Rules for one year, (2) to do nothing to injure the health of any other person, and (3) to help to keep his or her home and town clean. The Crusaders' Health Rules are as follows:

FUNDAMENTAL POINTS OF HEALTH

1. Always breathe fresh air. Never sleep, study, work, or play in a room without a window open. Take ten deep breaths of outdoor air every day

2. Eat wholesome food, including fruit and vegetables, and chew it thoroughly. Drink plenty of pure water and use your own cup. Avoid food that is hard to digest, like heavy pie and cake and much candy. Never eat or drink anything that weakens the body, like alcoholic drinks.

3. Make sure that everything you put into your mouth is clean. Wash your hands always before eating and before handling food, and bathe your whole body at least once a week. Clean your teeth every day. Have a regular time every day for attending to each need of your body.

4. Exercise every day in the open air. Stand up

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and sit up straight. Do not smoke before you are grown up.

5. Get a long night's sleep. Get up smiling. Keep your mind clean and cheerful.

All of these requirements are based on the following stated principles:

1. The prime objective in the Crusade is the protection of the community's health.
2. It is of the first importance to inculcate personal hygiene in children.
3. Regular drill in the personal acts and attentions required for health is the way to make them habitual.
4. A visible daily reminder of each step in this drill over several weeks is a valuable help.

After passing the membership requirements, the new Crusader receives a certificate of enrolment good for one year. But the boy or girl who has thus earned the right to be a Crusader has only begun the programme to which he is called. There is a series of honors of knighthood to be won by Crusaders who are ambitious to achieve glory in the field of health, in the lists against disease. At first a page, the Crusader may win the title and badge of squire by performing at least 80 per cent. of the Health Chores for two weeks. The squire's badge is a celluloid button showing the design of the latest Red Cross Christmas seal, surrounded by the words "Modern Health Crusader." The Crusader who keeps up his chores for four weeks becomes a full knight and may wear a pin of silvered metal in the form of a visored helmet bearing the double red cross of the anti-tuberculosis movement emblazoned on its gorget. The Crusader of highest rank is the knight banneret. His badge is the helmet pin, gold plated. All the badges carry the dates of the years they are issued and the designs are changed each year, so that each year the Crusader is given the incentive to secure a new series of badges. The various ranks may also be won by selling Red Cross Christmas seals in December.

Under the auspices of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, leagues of Crusaders have been formed all over the country and their number is rapidly multiplying. These leagues are made up of children in rural school districts, in villages, and in cities. In the larger places leagues usually represent a particular school or school room, sometimes a Sunday school. Pennants in red and white felt, bearing the name of the league, are provided by the Association.

Teachers, visiting nurses, members of parent-teachers' associations, doctors, and even lawyers and business men act as league masters, organizing groups of children for programmes extending throughout the year. The principle feature of this programme is a series of six meetings coming every two months. The subjects of the meetings for 1918, as given in the Manual of the Modern Health Crusaders, are as follows:

February: Home gymnastics. Folk dances. Methods of outdoor sleeping.

April: Fly and mosquito campaigns. Clean-up work. Baby welfare.

June: What to eat and drink. Food protection. Typhoid fever. Temperance.

August: Outing or picnic. Field athletics and organized play. First aid to the injured. Drills.

October: Care of teeth and eyes and skin. Toothbrush drill.

December: Tuberculosis and respiratory diseases. How to prevent colds. Red Cross Christmas seals.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CRUSADERS

In order to make this work simple for the busy teacher, the procedure for meetings is set forth in detail in the Manual and the programme for each meeting is elaborated in the monthly bulletin of the National Association which is sent free to every league master. The programme for every meeting is carefully adapted to make the meeting intensely interesting to children. Anything savoring of a dry lecture on physiology or sanitation is eliminated. Health stories, such as the "Keep Well Stories" by Dr. May Farinholt Jones, take the place of soporific talks. The National Association provides fifteen playlets for children on health subjects covering the general range of topics for the meetings. Leagues performing these playlets often invite parents and the public. Of course, there are strictly business sessions for members of the league only, at which each Crusader is made to feel that he has importance in his vote and in his counsels. Beside games, gymnastic exercises, and military or march drills for the benefit of the Crusaders, each league is encouraged to take up community health activities. A resolution adopted by Crusaders calling on the town or city fathers for sanitary drinking fountains in place of the common cup in schools, and for playground facilities, has an influence beyond what might be expected from the tender years of the Crusaders.

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The progress of the Crusade over the country is given direction and unity by its system of state and national organization. The local leagues in a state are represented in a state legion of Modern Health Crusaders, and the leagues and legions in the various states are federated in the National Legion of Modern Health Crusaders. All this was brought about without new organization except for the individual leagues, because there were already existing state anti-tuberculosis or public health associations in all forty-eight states affiliated with the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, and all of these state associations were in a position to act as directors of their state legions, taking up the Crusade as a phase of their work rather than as a new organization. In the same way, the National Association acts as the director of the National Legion. Interesting letters from organizers all over the United States testify to the enthusiasm with which the Crusaders are taking up their work.

A SCHOOL BANNER FOR CRUSADERS

Perhaps the most interesting of these letters has come from Miss Margaret Gillis, tuberculosis visiting nurse at Newburgh, N. Y., reporting on the work of a league which she has organized. "Each girl was given a Health Chore card," she writes, "was instructed regarding the chores, and put on her honor to place no mark on the card except as faithfully earned. Each girl was presented with a toothbrush and a small tube of toothpaste. We had toothbrush drill, and at each successive meeting clean teeth had to be admired. Nor did the teeth cleaning end with the children. One small Slav girl asked if I would give her a toothbrush and paste for her father. He had never brushed his teeth, but he liked the taste of the toothpaste and would like to try. Of course I sent him the toothbrush and paste and later had the satisfaction of seeing him use them. All that family fell into toothbrush line and are proud to be in fashion 'with the Americans,' as the father puts it.

"Two Italian girls accepted their chore cards very seriously, and so as not to have a single blank on the card they took a bath every day. This was no easy matter, for the bath had to be taken in a washtub in the kitchen. These two girls kept every rule on the chore card. The father and mother enthusiastically also kept the health rules. The health of the entire family improved, and the good work continues

"The effect of these Health Chores was felt in the home of every one of these girls, and brought home to me more fully the opportunity and necessity for such educational methods and work."

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The Month's Progress

THE RED CROSS AND THE WAR

THE Red Cross to-day has three purposes. The first is to help win the war; the second, is to save civilization while the war is going on; the third, is to minimize the effects of the war on that civilization once the war is over. To one of these three purposes all its activities are related.

In the recent British drive near Cambrai, for instance, there were released some 1,700 French women and children who had been living on the outskirts of the town behind the German lines. Struggling through the indescribable mud and filth of the trenches in a last effort to escape the fury of the opposing British and German armies, who fought back and forth over the ruins of their homes, they finally reached safety and the English reserves and were sent to Amiens.

They arrived at Amiens—a part of the heart of France—covered with mud and filth, penniless, friendless, on the verge of unreason. Due to the efforts of the Red Cross and the American Fund for the French Wounded, however, they were soon taken care of in the hospitals, were rid of their filth and vermin, provided with food and clothes, and all who were physically able to stand the journey were sent to Rouen whence they were distributed to pleasant homes in surrounding villages. There they will wait, still looked after by the Red Cross and made self-supporting again as soon as possible. As soon as they are self-supporting they help support the army. And later, when the fortunes of war allow, the Friends Society and the Red Cross will rehabilitate their former homes near Cambrai.

When this has been done, one of the thousands of wounds which the war has given France will be as completely healed as is possible in homes to which the father or the children will never return again. The scar will be as small as is humanly possible.

This is but one instance of many. The refugee work at Evian and Toul are others.

To see what these many instances mean it is necessary to understand the situation in France. That country is stripped for action. Every man, woman, and child is as directly engaged in the war as if tribal conditions had been substituted for modern industrial activity. Help given to any particular district or work releases its energy equivalent elsewhere for the prosecution of the war. Every refugee or hospital or warehouse taken from the shoulders of the French government means that much more efficiency behind the French army.

An Announcement

SINCE August, 1914, the eyes of America and of the entire world have been focussed upon Europe as the chief center of interest. And now that the United States is an active participant in the war and thousands of our boys are in the trenches and many of our girls are working in the hospitals and doing other forms of relief work, we are vitally concerned with events in France. Here history is being written each minute, and page after page of the world's greatest drama unfolded daily.

In order that THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE may obtain the very best material possible, both articles and photographs, the Managing Editor of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, Reginald T. Townsend, will sail for France shortly to establish headquarters for the Magazine with the American Red Cross in Paris.

Accompanying Mr. Townsend will be Frazier Hunt, of the staff of the New York *Sun*, whose writings are known and enjoyed by thousands daily and who has recently made a specialty of stories from the cantonments of our national army. Mr. Hunt will write of the great work of the Red Cross in Europe each month in the Magazine. In this way it is hoped that the Magazine will be able to interpret to its readers the true significance of all phases of the work of the Red Cross in the war.

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WAGING WAR AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS

IN THESE days of startling statements, such as "four million out of the thirty-nine million French people now living will die of tuberculosis," it is a pleasant thing, to read some of the monthly reports from the medical service of the Red Cross in France.

Under the direction of Dr. Lucas of California, a steadily lengthening chain of children's dispensaries is being forged that reaches from the English Channel to the Mediterranean. Tuberculosis hospitals are being built in some instances and in others are being taken over from other organizations and from the French Government as fast as conditions will permit. Such undertakings as that headed by Edith Wharton outside Paris have been shouldered and the financial burden assumed. In many cases co-operation with the French Government and the Rockefeller Foundation has been the method of assistance. What has this to do with winning the war? A man fights better when his children are safe at home. Why should he fight to protect his children from the Germans if they are to die of tuberculosis while he is away?

In all the work, the basic policy of the Red Cross in France has been followed—the policy of non-interference, of carrying out as much work as possible through organizations already established.

The result already has been such that, at the present rate, as much will be accomplished in France in the next four years along this line as has been done in America in the last fifteen years. It is true that war conditions are sending a steadily increasing number of soldiers as well as women and children to the Red Cross hospitals. **Fifty thousand children, also, are under Red Cross care.** But tuberculosis is not yet routing the morale of the French people.

AID FOR THE ITALIANS

ANOTHER dramatic example of the value of aiding the morale of a nation was the sending of the Red Cross ambulance sections from Paris over the mountains to Milan and the Italian front.

At the time—just previous to the break in the northern Italian line—the impression was strong in Italy that public opinion in the United States looked with suspicion on Italy's motives in entering the war. Congress had not yet convened so that no declaration of war had been made upon Austria. No American assistance had been visible in Italy and even the necessary supplies from America were not arriving in sufficient quantity at Italian ports. America had not made herself felt.

The Red Cross, too, had done little. Compared to the long line of warehouses behind the French lines and the hundreds of Red Cross motors on the French roads, nothing has been accomplished.

The arrival of the ambulance sections flying the American flag, in the hour of Italy's distress, a few days after America's declaration of war on Austria, created a profound impression which spread rapidly throughout the entire peninsula and aroused enthusiasm and strengthened resolve.

The readiness with which the War Council has appropriated new millions to meet the present emergency will go far in making that resolve a permanent fact.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR FINANCES

ON THE finance committee of the Red Cross there lies the responsibility for all expenditure in France. To this committee are presented for consideration the budgets of the different Red Cross departments in France—budgets which are presented in minute detail and are based upon actual needs determined in advance by field inspectors. Upon these needs the Finance Committee passes and then refers for final authority to the Red Cross War Council in Washington.

The Committee at present consists of Major James H. Perkins, Major Murphy's successor, of the National City Bank of New York and formerly of Albany, N. Y.; Homer Folks formerly Commissioner of Charities of New York City; H. O. Beatty formerly of San Francisco; Joseph R. Swan, Ralph J. Preston, and Carl Taylor all of New York City; John Crosby Brown of the banking firm of Brown Brothers, Paris and New York; and William S. Patton of Boston.

It is amusing both to notice and, in the nature of a tribute to record, that of all the appropriations which this Committee has recommended to the War Council in Washington—appropriations running well past thirty millions—only one has been refused at headquarters. This one recommended the purchase

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of two thousand dollars' worth of toys for refugee children.

The War Council in Washington feared that the conscience of America could hardly bring itself to see the stern necessity of these children's toys as one of war's demands.

It is rather a touching thing, however, to hear Mr. Henry P. Davison's offhand acknowledgment that though the Red Cross did not pay for them "the children got them just the same!"

THE WAR AFTER THE WAR

WARS do not cease with the signing of peace pacts and the demobilization of armies; their bitterness, their disease, their poverty go on until time hides from sight the scars of the conflict. The tragedy which follows in the wake of armies, indeed, needs no setting forth to a generation which can still hear the echoes of a Civil War; which can see a new South emerging only to-day from the poverty caused by that struggle.

In a very real sense, then, there must always be a struggle against the after effects of war if the scars of humanity are to be removed. In the French villages, for instance —those brick-dust ruins through which the fury of battle has passed—does any one of us dream that the *status quo* can ever be restored there by peace terms signed in Berne or Berlin? That vision can be given back to the sightless in the rehabilitation hospitals on the outskirts of Paris, or happiness decreed to the broken Belgian refugees, by any treaty of peace?

Not very likely. Remarks about the *status quo ante* will remain a mockery to every human being and habitation which war has touched.

Some one must wage a war after the war to relieve the misery of a world of broken homes and smashed ideals, of maimed and sightless fathers and sons, and a dying faith in humanity, if we are ever to approach again the happiness which is our birthright.

It is for this struggle that the Red Cross is preparing itself more efficiently every day of its existence. It is fighting each battle of the present with this future conflict in view. In so far as this part of its work is concerned, indeed, it proposes as nearly as may be possible to meet the day-to-day destruction of warfare by a day-to-day rehabilitation so that, once peace is declared, it can sweep steadily on to its ultimate goal with the least dissension and delay.

Such a programme, on such a scale, is a unique thing in history. The vision of the Red Cross is the picture of a new era.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

THE defence of civilization from the influences of war is not limited to the countries where there is fighting. It is here, too, in many forms.

In one of the recent Red Cross campaigns in South Dakota a little boy in one of the smaller towns gave as his contribution his only possessions in the world—two pet guinea pigs. The Red Cross solicitor, remembering the pets he had treasured as a boy, endeavored to dissuade the child, but without success. The boy insisted. He wished to do something "about the war."

In many different forms this same spirit showed itself last fall all over the United States and its outlying possessions. In vocational schools in Pennsylvania mining towns, in private schools in the East, in country schools set amid the Nevada sagebrush, in the schools of the Hawaiian Islands, where forty-seven races go to their lessons together, a great variety of incidents showed that the war had come home to the imaginations of the children of America.

In the stimulation of war in the minds of the children lay the danger that it would lead them to delinquency, disturb their instruction, feed them on hate, and stamp on their impressionable years an abnormal outlook on life.

And the same stimulation that contained these dangers contained the opportunity to direct their excited energies in the concrete form of simple things to do toward new standards of social service and patriotism.

The Red Cross is endeavoring to provide that channel to-day in its Junior organization, to an exposition of which this issue of the magazine is partly given up. That it is already in successful operation in practically every state in the Union the reports of its activities show conclusively. In some schools over four thousand surgical dressings a month are being made. In others Red Cross workroom outfits are being made; while numerous plans, such as salvage, carpentry, and many others,

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are being successfully put in operation. The early fears of educators that such a movement might exploit the schools have been dissipated too, as the great number of organizations which are coöperating with the Junior Red Cross make evident.

The vista of possibilities opened by such a movement is, of course, endless. The inevitable comparison between the ideals of hate and Kultur which have been instilled in the children of Germany—with the present result—and the ideals of love and service which such a movement will teach the children of America, sheds some light on what such a programme may bring forth in the future.

People, indeed, who measure the value of the Junior Red Cross entirely in terms of surgical dressings and workroom outfits are like those who look on education as merely part of a get-rich-quick scheme. There is a constructive value about the movement that will far outlast the war and may some day encircle the world.

HOME SERVICE AND FAMILY FINANCES

WHEREVER a man leaves home in uniform the hand of war has directly touched, and at such places the Red Cross must watch to combat any evil effect.

There are thousands of our soldiers whose families in times of peace have nothing between them and starvation but the weekly pay check. In war time, this pay check takes the form of a payment from the Government which only comes once a month. This, in itself, causes much hardship at the start. Despite the incredible exertions of the authorities in Washington, also, there has been a gap of weeks between the last industrial pay check and the first government allowance. For some, this gap has meant destitution.

The Home Service of the Red Cross has been engaged these past months, among other things, in plugging the gap. In many cities thousands of families have been receiving comfort and advice and, where necessary, temporary financial assistance. **The number of families receiving such assistance in one division alone—the Atlantic—is over ten thousand.** The difficulties attendant on the work, owing to its peculiar nature, have been overcome by the Home Service Institutes, which have been training people for just this emergency, and by the policy which the Red Cross has followed of coöperation and asking the help of the existing social agencies which are equipped to handle such things.

The record, so far, is one of which the Red Cross may well be proud. It augurs well for the success of the plans for the future which are now under way as a result of the meeting of the Home Service directors in Washington in January.

As the war goes on, indeed, this work is destined to be of increasing importance. The arrival of the War Risk Bureau checks, and the distribution to the chapters of the Red Cross handbook of information for war families will take care in great part of this particular emergency. There will remain, however, all the other problems, financial and otherwise, which will confront the people of our country as the dislocation of war becomes more acute and the number of men at the front increases.

THE NEED FOR REGISTERED NURSES

A GLANCE at the figures recently given out by the Surgeon General's office on the nursing situation in this country does not result in much satisfaction. Most of us, as ordinary citizens, have been accustomed probably to view the question of nursing wounded American soldiers as mainly a question of when and where to nurse. The problem of a shortage in nurses does not readily occur.

It is estimated, however, that up to forty thousand nurses will be required on the present army basis once our men begin to get into action on a great scale. Accustomed as we have become to large figures, this does not sound alarming. The seriousness of the situation becomes apparent, nevertheless, when we find that there are only between eighty and ninety thousand registered nurses in the entire country and that it takes three years to make one. Despite the best efforts of the training schools, too, the number of pupil nurses entering the schools has increased only 20 per cent.

This is a horse of a different color.

The Red Cross, as the mobilizing agency for nurses in military service, has already enrolled about sixteen thousand five hundred for various specified services and has equipped and sent abroad for service with the Army and Navy Nurses' Corps about eighteen hundred. It has provided, as well, about twenty-five hundred for service in camps and

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cantonments and has organized into units ready for mobilization about two thousand.

This has been done, of course, with the problem of home nursing for civilians always in view and the realization that there must be as little decrease as possible in the facilities for guarding the health of our people who are confronted with war conditions at home. The present enrollment of a thousand a month, however, will not begin to take care of the need which will arise in the immediate future.

Obviously, something must be done.

If the figures are correct, it amounts to this: if you and I are trained nurses, one of us must go. Only such a proportion will fill the need. The question of which one should go depends in great measure on the nature of the employment. The great amount of nursing work which is being done by trained nurses, but which could be done nearly as well by substitutes, must either be assumed by other women or turned over to less highly trained assistants. The hospitals, of course, must be left as well manned as possible.

That there is no lack of patriotic women who are willing to give their services wherever needed the vast number of applications which the Red Cross receives every day shows. These applications are in great part from women of nursing experience but who are not trained nurses.

POISONING THE MINDS OF GERMAN CHILDREN WITH HATRED

A REMARKABLE contrast between the sublime and spiritual tones of the letters of the maidens of France to the maidens of America on page 7 is found in this letter from a German schoolgirl to a friend in Switzerland which was published in The *Princeton Alumni Weekly* a few weeks ago.

Frankfort-on-Oder, 20th July, 1916.

MY DEAR LOUISE:

The contents of your last letter would have hurt me had I not known that your thoughts of our glorious war resulted from sheer ignorance.

It is evident that you, a Swiss girl, with your French sympathies, cannot understand how my heart, the heart of a young German girl, passionately desired this war. Speaking of it some years ago, my father said to us: 'Children, Germany is getting too small for us; we shall have to go to France again in order to find more room.' Is it our fault if France will not understand that more money and land is necessary for us?

And you reproach us that our soldiers have been very cruel to the Belgian rabble, and you speak also of the destruction of Rheims, and of the burning of villages and towns. Well, that is war. As in every other undertaking, we are past masters of war.

You have a great deal to learn before you can come up to our standards, and I assure you that what has been done so far is a mere bagatelle compared with what will follow.

As a matter of fact there is but one race worthy of ruling the world and which has already attained the highest degree of civilization. That race is ours; the Prussians are undoubtedly the lords *par excellence* among the Germans.

All other nations and among them, unfortunately, the Swiss, are degenerate and of inferior worth. That is why I have always been so proud of being a true Prussian.

Yesterday, again, our pastor explained to us convincingly that our first parents, Adam and Eve, were also Prussians. That is quite easy to understand, because the Bible tells us that the German God created all after his own image. If then, all men are descended from Adam and his wife, it follows that only Prussians, or at least Germans, ought to exist in the world, and that all who push on and prosper ought to belong to us. You must admit that that is logic and that is why our motto is, 'God with us, Germany above everything.'

You know now why we wished this war. Is it not shameful that other nations, who have no right to existence on the earth, wish to diminish our heritage! We are the divine fruit, and the others are only weeds. That is why our great Emperor has decided to put an end to all these injustices and to extirpate the weeds. Do you understand now?

I remain your school friend,

KATIE HAMEL,
(Daughter of the State Councilor of Architecture).

THE LAST CHANCE

Until April first, Annual Members who joined the Red Cross during the Christmas Drive may become Magazine Members and receive a year's subscription to THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE by paying an additional dollar to the Secretary or Treasurer of the local Red Cross Chapter. Doubtless many of your friends would like to take advantage of this offer if it is called to their attention.

An officer of the Red Cross who has doctored sick Chapters tells us that his favorite recipe is "One good dose of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE each month. There is nothing that will keep the membership and organization in finer fettle."

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